

The Elks

JUNE
1935

CENTRAL
EDITION



Rafael Sabatini — "The Tyrannicide"



To quality folk" throughout Kentucky that name Crab Orchard stood for good food and good whiskey



BUBBLING out of the limestone hills, down in the heart of the Blue Grass country, a sparkling spring first drew people to Crab Orchard.

They came to "take the waters," and, because they knew good living and enjoyed it, the local hotel strove to make their visit memorable with such tempting Southern delicacies as barbecued squirrel, delectable pohickory, or roast 'possum and candied yams.

And there was something else—a straight bourbon whiskey, rich and ruddy, of a flavor which even the flower of old-time Kentucky's gentility praised.

To find this particular whiskey, the Crab Orchard Springs Hotel had searched far and wide, and finally—from a little distillery up Louisville

way—had a private supply shipped in by the barrel. It wasn't a widely famous whiskey then. It wasn't even bottled or labeled. It was only in later years that it came to be known as Crab Orchard whiskey.

The name Crab Orchard might never have leaped to nationwide favor, except for one thing.

It stood for a whiskey which was not only rich and mellow—not only made in the good old-fashioned way, straight as a string, *but also economical.*

And suddenly, after repeal, all America wanted such a whiskey.

In a few brief weeks, the name and goodness of Crab Orchard whiskey was on a million tongues, and this one-time local favorite is *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey today.*

Kentucky straight whiskey

Made the good old-fashioned way

Smooth and satisfying to taste

Sold at a price anyone can pay



*A good guide to
good whiskey*

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? How did that merger work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel St. Regis—compelled me to look at him, though it is not my habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read.

"*You can do this as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man

I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to. His Course did; I got it the next day from his publishers.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That lesson stuck. So did the other six.

Read this letter from one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

This man didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can count on my memory now. I can call the name of any man I have met before—and I keep getting better. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method.

The old fear of forgetting has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, at a banquet, in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

The most enjoyable part of it all is that I am now a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he knows how to make it work,

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Here is just a bit from a letter of a well-known sales manager up in Montreal:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Any-one—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Send No Money

So confident are the publishers of the Roth Memory Course that you will be amazed to see how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$3.50 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn. Walter J. Black, Inc., Dept. 196, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FREE EXAMINATION OFFER

WALTER J. BLACK, INC.

Dept. 196, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, in a plain container, the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$3.50.

Name.....

Address.....

.....



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From *Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*

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JUNE, 1935

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This Month

AS we go to press an announcement appears in the daily papers to the effect that the Radio Corporation of America expects to perfect a television machine, compact enough and sufficiently inexpensive for popular use, within the next twelve months.

This leads us to believe that Myron M. Stearns' article, "Luxuries Ahead" (page 20), is by no means as visionary as it might seem. But read it yourself and draw your own conclusions. At least we'll guarantee that you'll find it stimulating, broad-gauged and progressive.

And while we're on the subject of articles we would also like to call your attention to Joel P. Glass' sound advice to golfers. "Taking the Grief Out of Golf" may not straighten out all your drives or sink all your putts, but we'll wager that it will add materially to your future enjoyment of the game—whether as player or spectator.

Next Month

MANY good things have been planned for this year's Pre-Convention issue. To mention but a few, there will be a rollicking story of Florian Slappey in a brand new setting—Harlem—by the ever popular author, Octavus Roy Cohen. John R. Tunis will contribute an all-round sports article on the big thrills the crowd pays so handsomely to see; Weston Hill has written a magnificent drama of submarine warfare, "To the Scandal and Disgrace," and Wynant Davis Hubbard will describe some of his first-hand experiences with superstitious natives in the African Veldt.

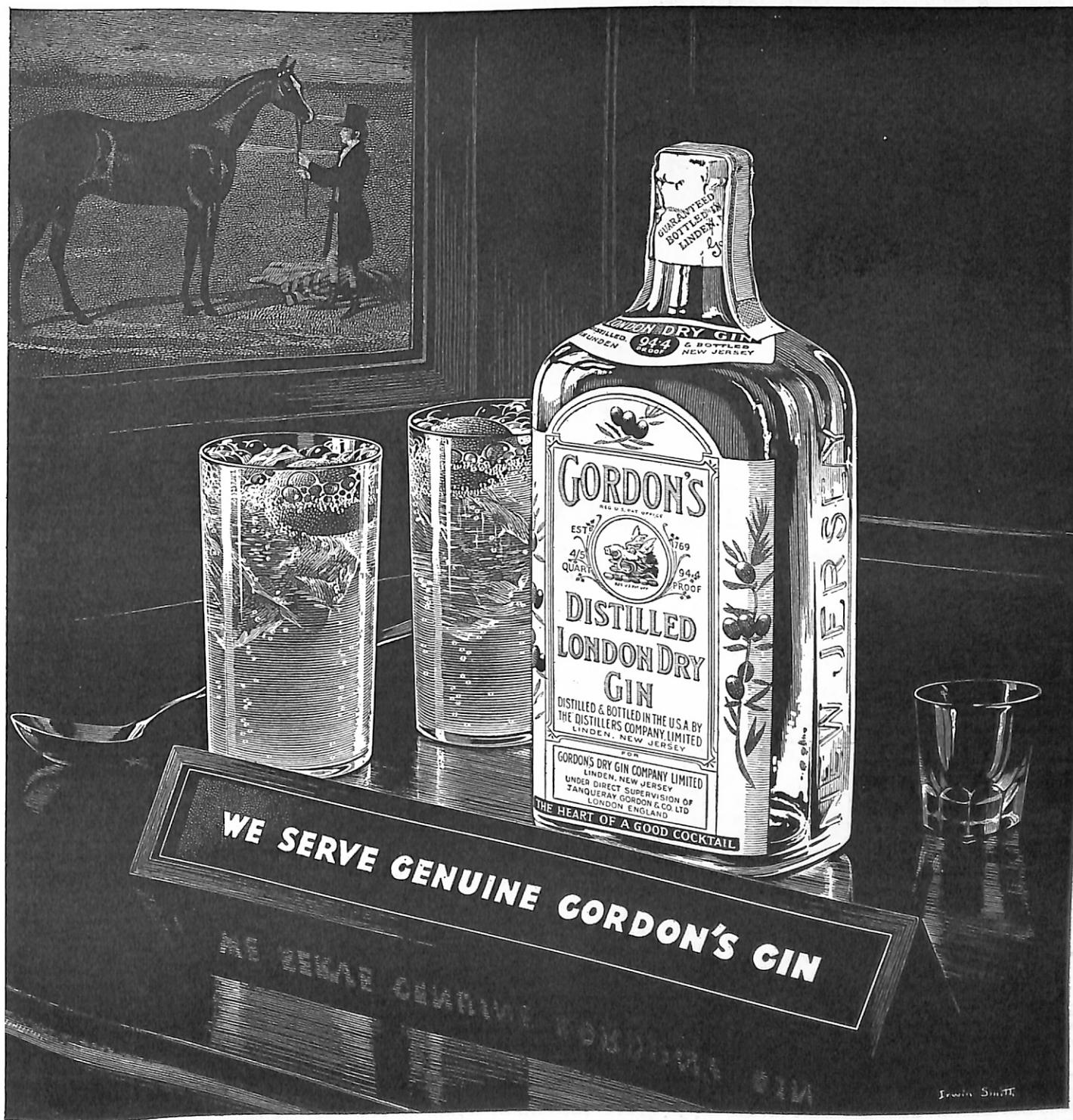


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Franklin Smith

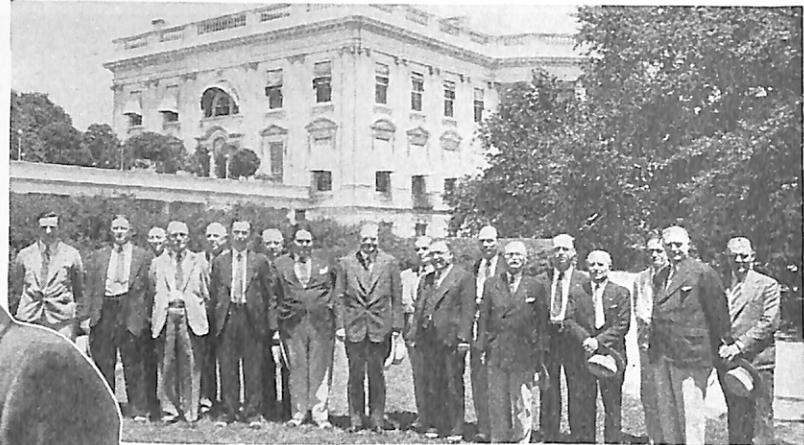
THE SIGN OF A GOOD BAR

As people become more discriminating in their taste, they invariably turn to
Gordon's Gin. It is the sign of a good bar in every country in the world.

THE  OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Below: When President Roosevelt was Governor of New York he started the 1931 Tour from Hyde Park

Right. In 1932 President Hoover received the Good Will Tour Ambassadors at the White House



The Show Must Go On

"Neither snow nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds"

by Edward Faust

THIS is the legend adopted by the United States Post Office: an epitome of service which might well have been written for the Elks Good Will Tour as a course of conduct for the Tour Ambassadors. For in seven crowded weeks they must cover 30,000 miles and visit 350 Lodges on schedule time—without a single hitch.

Neither Snow nor Rain—

Climbing painfully through a snow storm in the high altitudes of the Pacific Northwest, or driving in a downpour of rain through the Missouri hills, the Tour must go on. Far ahead, perhaps 200 miles or more, a delegation from the local Lodge expects the tourists' arrival at a stated time. This delegation cannot be kept waiting.

...nor Heat, nor Gloom of Night—

Under a broiling June sun, close to the Mexican border, you will find two Elks Good Will cars racing through that long hot stretch from El Paso to San Antonio, Texas—a good 500 miles. In town after town you will find Good Will Ambassadors literally rising with the chickens. The good fellows they met the night before are perhaps rolling over for their second sleep—but the Tour must go on.

Should you have the endurance of a heavyweight grappler, the digestion of an

ostrich, the talent to be featured on the radio, an expert's knowledge of automobiles and the determination of an installment collector, then would you qualify—in part—as an Elks Good Will Tour Ambassador.

...stays These Couriers—

It is no easy task, day after day, week after week, to arise in the wee small hours, down a hurried breakfast and begin a long trek over roads that are sometimes inconceivably bad, to fulfill an appointment made weeks in advance. Not only to get there—but to get there on time. Following the reception ceremonies, there is usually a luncheon or dinner to attend and an entertainment to be given by the Tourists. Then come calls on local newspapers, radio engagements to be filled and visits to local establishments whose products are identified with the Tour.

In its six years of conducting annual Good Will Tours, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has routed the Ambassadors over nearly a quarter of a million miles. Practically every Lodge along the main arteries of highway travel has been visited; every State in the Union has been traversed by these cars.

...from the Swift Completion of Their Appointed Rounds.

Presidents of the United States, Senators, Congressmen, Governors and hundreds of

local civic officials have joined hands with Lodge members in welcoming the Good Will Fleet.

The 1935 Tour, which started on May 25th, will traverse four transcontinental routes, starting from three widely separated points. Two cars took off from Lowell, Massachusetts; two from Miami, Florida, and four from Sacramento, California. Two of the latter are heading North and then East, while the other two are taking the Southwestern route. The destination of all of them is Columbus, Ohio, where the 1935 Grand Lodge Convention will be held the week of July 15th.

The cars selected by THE ELKS MAGAZINE for this year's Tour are Chevrolets—four Master de Luxe Sedans and four Standard Phaetons—one of each model for each of the four routes. The Master Sedan is a Fisher Body car while the Phaeton is Chevrolet-built. Both models were selected because test after test has proved them to be fully capable of meeting the most exacting driving conditions.

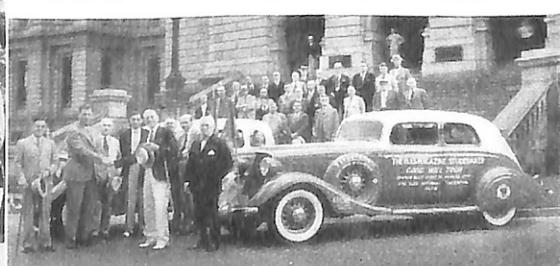
The two cars of the Lowell route, as well as those leaving from Miami, are equipped with United States Tires. The four cars of the Western routes are Goodrich Tire-equipped. Both makes were chosen largely because of their fine construction and proven strength.

As has been the practice since the inception of these Tours, Quaker State Motor Oils and Greases are used exclusively. The thousands of miles of good, bad and indifferent roads which the cars are required to traverse call for the most careful maintenance en route, hence only fine lubricants are used. One of the standard brands of Ethyl Gasoline provides the motive power.

That the visits of the Tour Ambassadors are productive of much good in cementing friendly relationships between Lodges and in securing a great amount of favorable publicity for them, is an established fact. But of equal importance is the splendid publicity their visits create for the Grand Lodge Convention—publicity which, year after year, has unquestionably resulted in increased attendance.

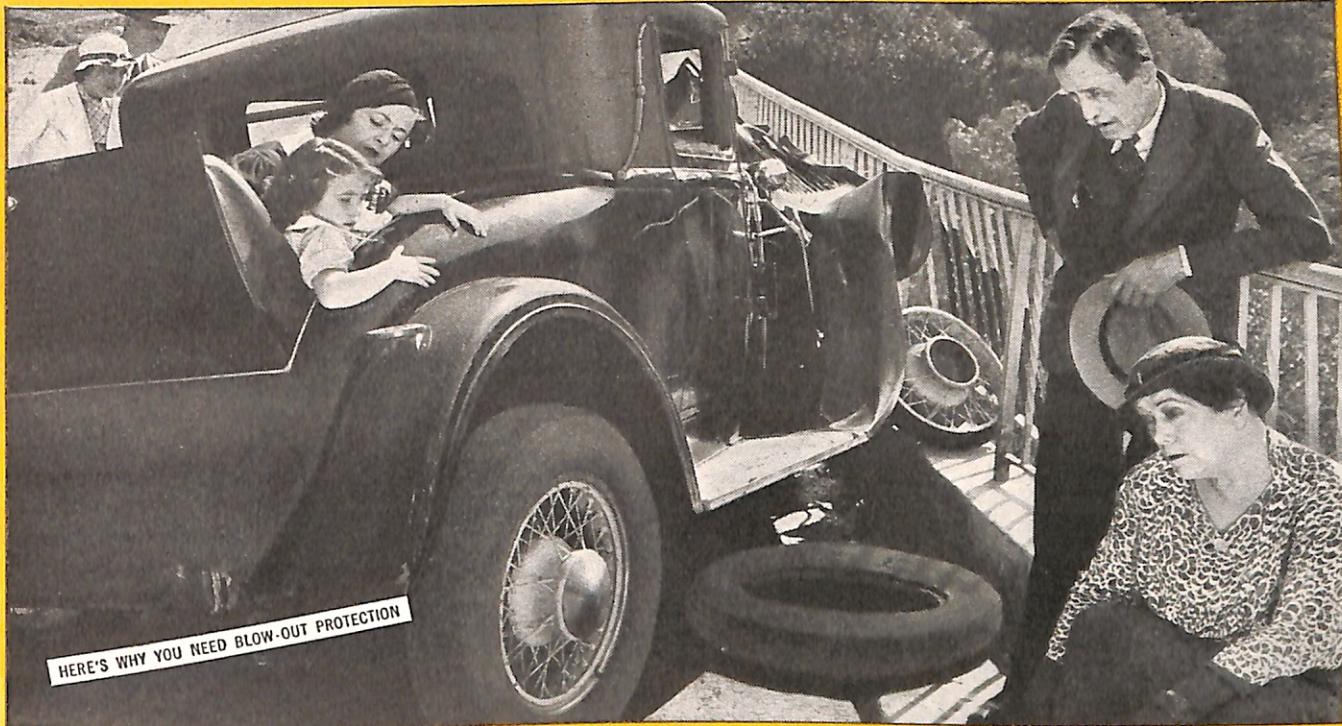
Below: Governor Green of Michigan christened the 1930 Fleet. Right: Governor Merriam of California greeted the 1934

tourists. Below: Governor Johnson of Colorado congratulated the 1934 Good Will Travelers as they set out from Denver



"I'D RATHER FIGHT ANY MAN ALIVE THAN HAVE ANOTHER BLOW-OUT"

says JIMMY McLARNIN, Popular Welterweight



NEW TIRE INVENTION IS A LIFE SAVER!

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—
THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY
RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS
THESE BLOW-OUTS



SILVERTOWNS FOR ELKS' TOUR!

The drivers of the Elks' Good Will Tour Cars can't afford to gamble on tires. They have places to go—a tough schedule to meet. That's why they've equipped their "convention specials", bound from Sacramento to Columbus, with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

MANY a time I've been surprised in the ring by a sneak punch that made my teeth rattle," says JIMMY McLARNIN. "But no punch ever hit me as unexpectedly as that blow-out I had a couple of years ago.

"I was driving to Seattle, Washington, when my left front tire blew out. My car hurtled across the highway and plunged off the road. If anything had been coming the other way, you could have counted me out on the spot. A punch may knock you out, sure—but it takes only one blow-out to finish you off. So now I'm playing safe. I have Silvertowns on all four wheels."

Why tires blow out

Today's faster driving generates terrific heat inside a tire. Fabric and rubber separate. A blister starts and keeps growing—until BANG! A blow-out! And it takes plenty of luck to save you.

To prevent this great, unseen cause of

high-speed blow-outs every Silvertown has the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This specially-treated compound resists heat—stops these blow-outs before they start.

If you want the utmost in tire safety—be sure to remember the name Goodrich Silvertown—the *only* tire that gives you Golden Ply blow-out protection.

Another safety feature

Remember, too, that Silvertowns have another great life-saving feature... a tough, extra-thick, sure-footed tread. Press your hand down on it hard. You can feel the big husky cleats grip. That's why Silvertowns *also* protect you from dangerous "tail-spin" skids.

Get the extra safety and extra months of "trouble-free" mileage that GOODRICH Silvertowns give you. Remember they cost no more than other standard tires.

Copyright, 1935, The B. F. Goodrich Co.

The
NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown 
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

The Flag of the Elks Sails the Seven Seas

A Suggestion for Flag Day Orations





Hello, Elks,
welcome to
Columbus,
too!



Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous

In 1933 it was Milwaukee . . . and Schlitz had the pleasure of giving more than 8000 Elks a warm welcome at the Brewery . . . with *cool* refreshing Schlitz. The Brewery can't go to the Columbus Convention . . . but Schlitz will be there in the famous *Brown Bottles* and *On Draught*—to cool thirsty throats and add just the right sparkle to the occasion. Drink all the Schlitz you want. You'll feel good today—and what's more—good tomorrow.

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



Join the *To Columbus*

FROM everywhere in America Elks will be gathering for their 71st Grand Lodge Convention at Columbus on July 15th. There will be thousands of old friends who never miss this homecoming, and thousands of new friends to be made by those who have never before attended a National Reunion.

Columbus, a great Convention City, is centrally located in the heart of Elkdom and easily accessible over many splendid automobile routes and by rail, airplane and bus. Consult your Lodge Secretary regarding

the special low rates that all railroads will grant.

Even the Great Lakes water route will be utilized. Jersey City Lodge, for example, is planning a beautiful scenic tour, including Columbus, the Thousand Islands and the Saguenay.

Columbus is noted for its fine hotels. Broad Street, with its shaded arch of magnificent elms, furnishes one of the coolest and most beautiful parade settings in America. Plans are nearing completion for a great patriotic parade and pageant featuring the historic incidents and progress of the States.



Big Parade and at Columbus

Many State Associations have already planned and ordered floats. A number of individual Lodges have done likewise. Every State Association of Elks should be represented in this colorful Pro-America pageant. Write the Convention Committee at Columbus today and obtain their suggestions for floats. They can be made as late as the first of July.

FOR a crowded week of enjoyment, as well as for the all-important Grand Lodge business of the year, come to Columbus next month. There

will be baseball games; Grand Circuit Harness Races; polo; water sports; sail and out-board motor boat races; golf and trapshooting tournaments; fireworks; a "Days of '49" pageant; band, drill, drum and ritualistic contests; an air meet—and for the ladies a brilliant array of teas, dances, receptions, sight-seeing trips and shopping tours.

Join the Big Parade to Columbus—organize your delegations—order your uniforms. Let's make this the greatest Reunion in the long and happy history of our Order!





Whilst he wrote she approached still nearer and drew a knife from her fichu

TYRANNICIDE was the term applied to her deed by Adam Lux, her lover in the sublimest and most spiritual sense of the word—for he never so much as spoke to her, and she never so much as knew of his existence.

The sudden spiritual passion which inflamed him when he beheld her in the tumbril on her way to the scaffold is a fitting corollary to her action.

She in her way and he in his were alike sublime; her tranquil martyrdom upon the altar of Republicanism and his exultant martyrdom upon the altar of Love were alike splendidly futile.

It is surely the strangest love story enshrined in history. It has its pathos, yet leaves no regrets behind, for there is no

might-have-been which death had thwarted. Because she died, he loved her; because he loved her, he died. That is all but the details which I am now to give you.

The convent-bred Marie Charlotte Corday d'Armont was the daughter of a landless squire of Normandy, a member of the chétive noblesse, a man of gentle birth, whose sadly reduced fortune may have predisposed him against the law of entail or primogeniture—the prime cause of the inequality out of which were sprung so many of the evils that afflicted France. Like many of his order and condition he was among the earliest converts to republicanism—the pure ideal republicanism, demanding constitutional government of the people, by the people, holding monarchical and aristocratic rule an effete and parasitic anachronism.

From M. de Corday Charlotte absorbed the lofty republican doctrines to which anon she was to sacrifice her life; and she rejoiced when the hour of awakening sounded and the children of France rose up and snapped the fetters in which they had been trammelled for centuries by an insolent minority of their fellow-countrymen.

In the early violence of the Revolution she thought she saw a tran-

sient phase—horrible, but inevitable in the dread convulsion of that awakening. Soon this would pass, and the sane, ideal government of her dreams would follow—must follow, since among the people's elected representatives was a goodly number of unselfish, single-minded men of her father's class of life; men of breeding and education, impelled by a lofty altruistic patriotism; men who gradually came to form a party presently to be known as the Girondins.

But the formation of one party argues the formation of at least another. And this other in the National Assembly was that of the Jacobins, less pure of motive, less restrained in deed, a party in which stood preëminent such ruthless, uncompromising men as Robespierre, Danton—and Marat.

The By

TYRANNICIDE

Rafael Sabatini

Illustrated by Franz Felix

Where the Girondins stood for Republicanism, the Jacobins stood for Anarchy. War was declared between the two. The Girondins arraigned Marat and Robespierre for complicity in the September massacres, and thereby precipitated their own fall. The triumphant acquittal of Marat was the prelude to the ruin of the Girondins, and the proscription of twenty-nine deputies followed at once as the first step. These fled into the country, hoping to raise an army that should yet save France, and several of the fugitives made their way to Caen. Thence by pamphlets and oratory they labored to arouse true Republican enthusiasm. They were gifted, able men, eloquent speakers and skilled writers, and they might have succeeded but that in Paris sat another man no less gifted, and with surer knowledge of the temper of the proletariat, tirelessly wielding a vitriolic pen, skilled in the art of inflaming the passions of the mob.

That man was Jean Paul Marat, sometime medical practitioner, sometime professor of literature, a graduate of the Scottish University of Saint Andrews, author of some scientific and many sociological works, inveterate pamphleteer and a Revolutionary journalist, proprietor and editor of "*L'Ami du Peuple*," and idol of the Parisian rabble, who had bestowed upon him the name borne by his gazette, so that he was known as "The People's Friend."

Such was the foe of the Girondins, and of the pure, altruistic, Utopian Republicanism for which they stood; and whilst he lived and labored, their own endeavors to influence the people were all in vain. From his vile lodging in the rue de l'École de Médecine in Paris he spun with his clever, wicked pen a web that paralyzed their high endeavors and threatened finally to choke them.

He was not alone, of course. He was one of the dread triumvirate in which Danton and Robespierre were his associates. But to the Girondins he appeared by far the most



Her portrait was painted as a token of remembrance

formidable and ruthless and implacable of the three, whilst to Charlotte Corday—the friend and associate now of the proscribed Girondins who had sought refuge in Caen—he loomed so vast and terrible as to eclipse his associates entirely. To her young mind, inflamed with enthusiasm for the religion of Liberty as preached by the Girondins, Marat was a loathly, dangerous heresiarch, threatening to corrupt that sublime new faith with false, anarchical doctrine, and to replace the tyranny that had been overthrown by a tyranny more odious still.

She witnessed in Caen the failure of the Girondin attempt to raise an army with which to deliver Paris from the foul clutches of the Jacobins. An anguished spectator of this failure, she saw in it a sign that Liberty was being strangled at its birth. On the lips of her friends the Girondins she caught again the name of Marat, the murderer of Liberty; and, brooding, she reached a conclusion embodied in a phrase of a letter which she wrote about that time:

"As long as Marat lives there will never be any safety for the friends of law and humanity."

From that negative conclusion to its positive, logical equivalent it was but a step. That step she took. She may have considered awhile the proposition thus presented to her, or resolve may have come to her with realization. She understood that a great sacrifice was necessary; that who undertook to rid France of that unclean monster must go prepared for self-immolation. She counted the cost calmly and soberly—for calm and sober was now her every act.

She made her packages, and set out one morning by the Paris coach from Caen, leaving a note for her father, in which she had written:

"I am going to England, because I do not believe that it will be possible for a long time to live happily and tranquilly in France. On leaving I post this letter to you. When

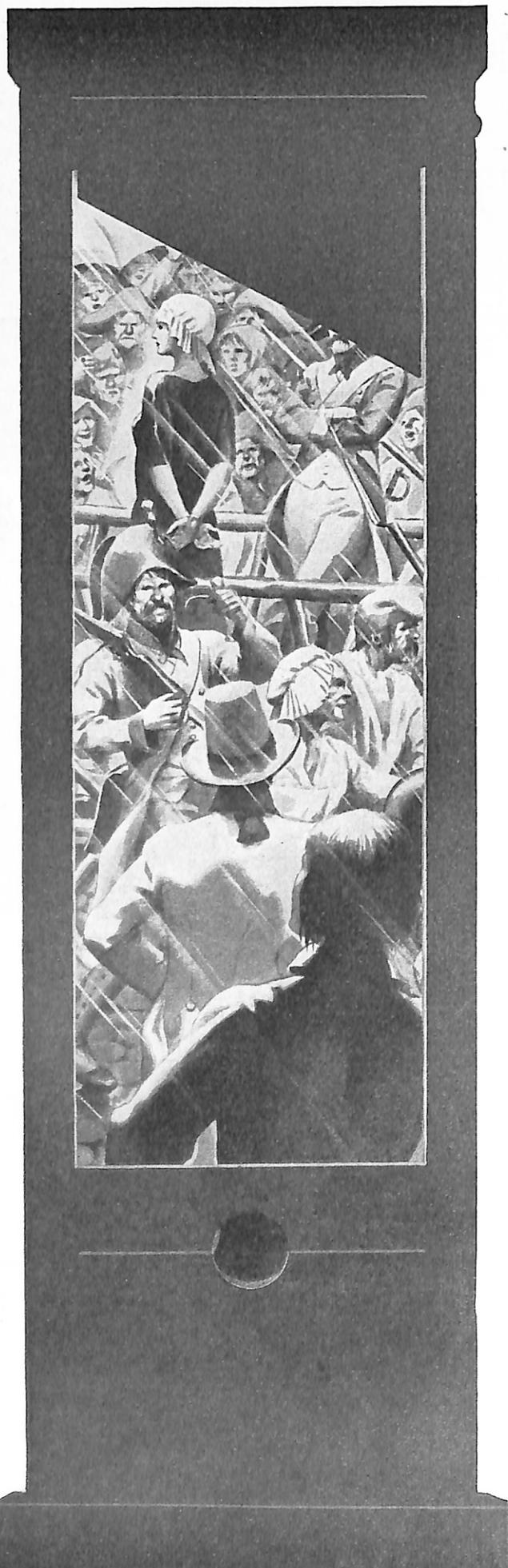
you receive it I shall no longer be here. Heaven denied us the happiness of living together, as it has denied us other happinesses. May it show itself more clement to our country. Good-bye, dear Father. Embrace my sister for me, and do not forget me."

That was all. The fiction that she was going to England was intended to save him pain. For she had so laid her plans that her identity should remain undisclosed. She would seek Marat in the very Hall of the Convention, and publicly slay him in his seat. Thus Paris should behold Nemesis overtaking the false Republican in the very Assembly which he corrupted, and anon should adduce a moral from the spectacle of the monster's death. For herself she counted upon instant destruction at the hands of the furious spectators. Thus, thinking to die unidentified, she trusted that her father, hearing, as all France must hear, the great tidings that Marat was dead, would never connect her with the instrument of Fate shattered by the fury of the mob.

YOU realize, then, how great and how terrible was the purpose of this maid of twenty-five, who so demurely took her seat in the Paris diligence on that July morning of the Year 2 of the Republic—1793, old style. She was becomingly dressed in brown cloth, a lace fichu folded across her well-developed breast, a conical hat above her light brown hair. She was of a good height and finely proportioned, and her carriage as full of dignity as of grace. Her skin was of such white loveliness that a contemporary compares it with the lily. Like Athene, she was grey-eyed, and, like Athene, noble-featured, the oval of her face squaring a little at the chin, in which there was a cleft. Calm was her habit, calm her slow-moving eyes, calm and deliberate her movements, and calm the mind reflected in all this.

And as the heavy diligence trundles out of Caen and takes the open country and the Paris road, not even the thought of the errand upon which she goes, of her death-dealing and death-receiving mission, can shake that normal calm. Here is no wild exultation, no hysterical obedience to hotly conceived impulse. Here is purpose, as cold as it is lofty, to liberate France and pay with her life for the

In a violent thunder storm Charlotte rode in the tum-bril to the guillotine



valued privilege of doing so.

That lover of hers, whom we are presently to see, has compared her ineptly with Joan of Arc, that other maid of France. But Joan moved with pomp in a gorgeous pageantry, amid acclamations, sustained by the heady wine of combat and of enthusiasm openly indulged, towards a goal of triumph. Charlotte travelled quietly in the stuffy diligence with the quiet conviction that her days were numbered.

So normal did she appear to her travelling companions, that one among them, with an eye for beauty, pestered her with amorous attentions, and actually proposed marriage to her before the coach had rolled over the bridge of Neuilly into Paris two days later.

She repaired to the Providence Inn in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, where she engaged a room on the first floor, and then she set out in quest of the Deputy Duperret. She had a letter of introduction to him from the Girondin Barbaroux, with whom she had been on friendly terms at Caen. Duperret was to assist her to obtain an interview with the Minister of the Interior. She had undertaken to see the latter on the subject of certain papers relating to the affairs of a nun of Caen, an old convent friend of her own, and she was in haste to discharge this errand, so as to be free for the great task upon which she was come.

From inquiries that she made, she learnt at once that Marat was ill, and confined to his house. This rendered necessary a change of plans, and the relinquishing of her project of affording him a spectacular death in the crowded Hall of the Convention.

THE next day, which was Friday, she devoted to furthering the business of her friend the nun. On Saturday morning she rose early, and by six o'clock she was walking in the cool gardens of the Palais Royal, considering with that almost unnatural calm of hers the ways and means of accomplishing her purpose in the unexpected conditions that she found.

Towards eight o'clock, when Paris was awakening to the business of the day and taking down its shutters, she entered a cutter's shop in the Palais Royal, and (*Continued on page 36*)

Disdaining the chair, she stood to show herself dauntless to the mob



Top, left: The crowds watching Dutra win the 1934 Miami-Biltmore Open were too much for this bridge over a canal near the seventeenth green, and the gallery came to temporary grief

Top, right: Olin Dutra and his caddy, Harry Gibson, whose moral support helped the former win the 1934 National Open. Just previously Dutra had been ill, and victory came hard

Taking the Grief Out of Golf

by Joel P. Glass

YOU can't take all the heartbreaks out of golf. Even the mightiest of Golfdom feel the tortures of the damned at times.

Let us follow Lawson Little, present American and British amateur champion, as he plays the tenth hole of the Five Farms course at Baltimore in the second of the two qualifying rounds for the 1932 United States amateur championship. In the first round he has shot a nifty 72. On the out nine of the second round he has done even better with a par-breaking 35. At this pace he has a splendid chance to win the medal. After that, why not on to the championship!

From the tenth tee he fires one of those long, accurate drives which are to make him famous on both sides of the Atlantic. Then he considers how to play his second shot. The green lies in a hollow, amid tall trees. Yawning at its front edge is a small lake. At its back a stiff bank drops down, with a second bank, not so high, rising beyond. Little observes that there is a head-on breeze. "I'll have to be careful of that," he tells himself. "If my pitch is too soft the ball may drift back into the water."

He takes out a No. 6 iron. A bold play for the pin seems sure to bring par; it may produce a birdie. That would be a fine way in which to start the incoming nine! He swings—but let him tell the rest.

"I had made just one mistake," says Little; "I had not foreseen that down in the hollow where the green lay, surrounded by trees, that head-on wind would not be blowing to resist the ball. The latter, instead of pitching on the green went over it, stopping on the down-slope of the second bank at the rear.

"I had a nasty shot coming back. If it was too strong, the ball would roll down into the lake; if too weak, it wouldn't get over the bank of the green. The latter is what happened. I took a six on that hole."

Gloom in Lawson Little's soul. Plenty of it. You don't recover your balance easily after a happening like that. He shot a 43 coming in. Gone was his hope of medal honors. True, there was much for which to be thankful, as he had qualified for match play with a score of 150 for the 36 holes. But the next day there must have been a residue of disaster trailing from his unfortunate



Above: Dutra totals up his score during the 1934 Miami-Biltmore Open. Here he is in cheerful mien and excellent condition, broken bridges and treacherous gales notwithstanding

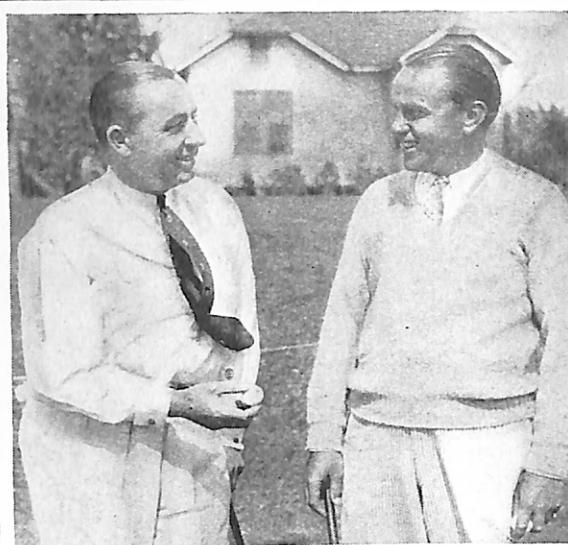
Below: Ross Somerville, the Canadian golfer who won the U. S. Amateur Championship in 1932. Here he has just scored a hole-in-one in the 1934 Masters' Invitation Tournament





Top, left: *Ky Laffoon in the 1934 Masters' Invitation Tournament. Not a natural golfer, he claims he is obliged to concentrate intensively on every single shot he makes*

Top, right: *Walter Hagen and Billy Burke just before the opening of play in the second round of the 1934 Masters' Invitation Tournament in Augusta, Georgia*



78. Johnny Fischer, of Cincinnati, beat him in the first round.

LEAT the scene change, now. It is the 1934 Glens Falls, N. Y., Open, which each September draws one of the strongest fields in the country. The tournament has narrowed to a battle between Ky Laffoon and Paul Runyan, the latter only recently having won the Professional Golfers' Association championship.

These two young fellows are the greatest medal players golf has ever seen. Their average tournament score per round is less than 72 strokes. Runyan had the lowest average for all events played during the preceding year. At the start of 1935, Laffoon was awarded the Radix Cup, given to the professional achieving the lowest average during 1934 in championship tournaments and tournaments where the prize money amounts to \$2,500 or more. Strangely enough, the Glens Falls Open is the first event in which these rivals have come to grips.

After 36 holes, Laffoon leads Runyan by five strokes, 139 to 144. The next day it rains, but the conflict of low scoring goes on. In the morning Ky shoots a 69. Runyan, with 68, gains a stroke. In the afternoon rain still falls. Ky goes out in 35. So does Paul. Now Ky slips a bit. He loses strokes on the tenth and thirteenth holes. He has only a two-stroke lead.

Climbing onto the 17th tee, Laffoon knows, however, that a par four on this hole and a par three on the 125-yard 18th almost certainly will close the door in Runyan's face. Determinedly he splits the fairway with a 290-yard drive. A pitch of 80 yards to the green remains.

"That drive looked to be the class," Ky told me later, "but actually it was too long. The ball rolled over a ridge crossing the fairway and stopped on the down-slope. I had a hanging lie and the ball

rested low in a divot hole. I was afraid of topping my second shot with my niblick and hit too low. My ball stopped short of the green, 70 feet from the cup. I chipped 12 feet from the hole and then missed my putt, taking a five."

"I got my par on the 18th, all right, but my total score was 280 instead of 279, which would have been almost unbeatable."

Charging from behind, Runyan played the 17th in par, then pitched 10 feet from the cup on the 18th and holed a birdie two that gave him 280 also. It meant a play-off the next day.

More than once that night Laffoon mentally kicked himself for his missed shot on the 17th hole. He tore into Runyan in the play-off, though, and beat him 67 to 71.

RING up the curtain once more. This time we are in California sunshine while, in a huge gallery, we follow Olin Dutra as he plays the final round of the 1934 Los Angeles Open championship, most colorful of Pacific Coast golfing events, at the Los Angeles Country Club. Two years before, Olin had won the Professional Golfers' Association championship and later this same year he was to become United States Open Champion. Only four other men, Walter Hagen, Jim Barnes, Gene Sarazen and Tommy Armour, have held both honors. Dutra is a big shot, indeed.

He has a great chance to win the 1934 Los Angeles Open. Starting the final round he is leading the field with a 54-hole total of 211 strokes. Who can foresee what is about to happen?

"All went well until I came to the seventh hole," narrates Olin, "and then I hooked my drive into a barranca (dry ditch) to the left of some trees. I played a good recovery shot over those trees, but the ball lodged in a bush whose

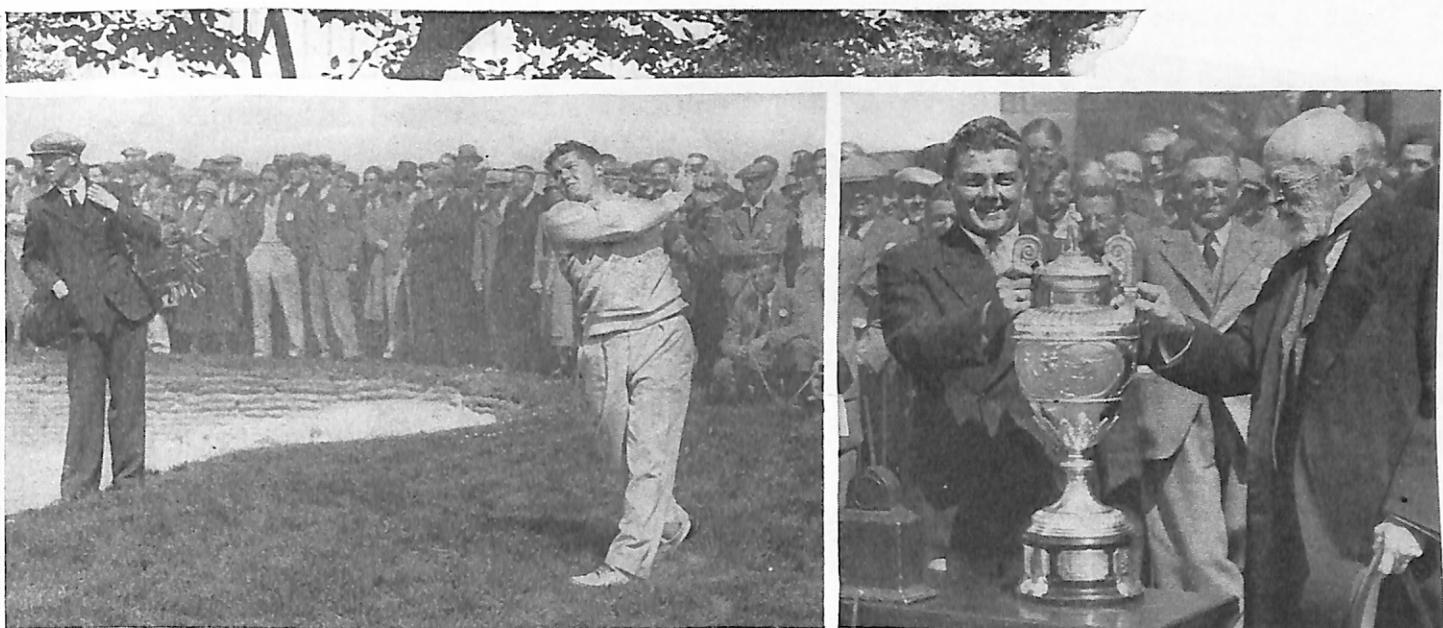


Above: *Gene Sarazen fighting his way out of the rough during the 1934 U. S. Open. Sarazen is what Ky Laffoon calls a natural golfer, one who plays almost intuitively*

Center, on opposite page: *Time—the 1934 U. S. Open; place—the 11th green on the famous Merion Cricket Club courses; the players—Sarazen, putting, and Runyan, looking on*

Bottom, left, on opposite page: *Willie Turnesa, the only player whom the otherwise dauntless Lawson Little says he feared to meet in the 1934 U. S. Amateur Championship*

Bottom, right, on opposite page: *Paul Runyan, the golfer who battled so long and so valiantly before he lost to Ky Laffoon in the 1934 Glens Falls, New York, Open Tournament*



Top, left and right: Lawson Little before and after winning the British Amateur Championship. The Marquis of Ailsa is presenting him with the cup he fought so hard to capture

branches started right from the roots. The lie was unplayable, cost me two strokes and I had to go back and play over the trees again.

"This time my ball hit a spectator and bounced to the eighth tee, near the seventh green. I pitched short, chipped eight feet from the cup, missed my putt and finished up with a nine!"

Dutra took 44 strokes on that out nine. Good-bye championship. Good-bye first, second, third and even fourth prize money. It is the way of the game.

NO, you can't take all the heartbreaks out of golf. However, the veriest duffer, if he will only make the effort, can greatly reduce their number.

How? Because Ky Laffoon has had such tremendous success in making low scoring constant, I asked the question of him. His answer brought out the story of how he developed his own game. Reading it, any man of average intelligence will get a number of valuable tips for improving his play.

"I don't consider myself," says Ky, "a natural golfer like Gene Sarazen, for instance, who plays his shots instinctively in the right way. I'm a mechanical golfer. I have to get a mental picture of my swing before making a shot. If I don't, something is likely to go wrong."

"I never can be careless. For instance, in the 1934 Los Angeles Open, playing with Walter Hagen, I was shooting sub-par golf. On one hole my approach putt stopped on the lip of the cup. I walked up and hit at the ball with one hand while passing sideways. It hopped over the cup and I lost a stroke. This cost me \$50 in prize money; not much, but it was a high price to pay for a quarter-inch putt."

"Right here let me say that a player should be careful with every (Continued on page 44)



Ray Lee Jackson



Ray Lee Jackson



Last and Broadcast

Directly above is a candid-camera action shot of Jan Garber, the conductor of a good jazz band which is steadily becoming a better jazz band. Mr. Garber tucks his baton under his wing and waits for Louis Roen, announcer, to stop announcing.

At top left, no matter how you feel about it, you do not see an interne taking an X-ray. It is Ray Lee Jackson, staff photographer of the National Broadcasting Company, whose individual photographic style has made so many radio editors happy. Through his work with those who broadcast he has probably built up as large an acquaintance among world celebrities as anyone you can think of.

Beneath Mr. Jackson is Vivienne Segal, a decorative soprano whose vivid voice has been heard on the musical stage, in motion pictures, and is now distinctly audible in NBC's American Music Revue on Sunday evenings.

Lower down on the page is radio's latest male crooner of romantic songs, who prefers to hide his identity under the title of "The Night Singer." We can understand how he might feel about it. He broadcasts over the WABC-Columbia network on Mondays from 10:30 to 11 P.M., EDST.

At the bottom are two talented and attractive youngsters—members of the cast of NBC's popular serial, "One Man's Family." They are Barton Yarborough and Kathleen Wilson, who play, respectively, "Clifford Barbour" and his twin sister, "Claudia."

||| by Phillips Coles |||

"What kind of a party is this?" he glowered. "Me wearing a wig!"



Suppressed Desires

by Lyman Anson

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

BY a deft turn of his blacksmith wrist, Mr. Patrick Flannigan swung his gray, streamlined roadster off the country highway leading to the works, and guided it down a bumpy lane which wound into a maple patch of the forest preserve beyond.

Some hundred yards from the main road he stopped and with a muttered "Suppressed Desires!" glanced around guardedly, as if half ashamed of what he was about to do.

Such caution was needless at nine o'clock of a scorching August morning. Particularly in this secluded spot.

Four miles back, close to Mr. Flannigan's year-round estate, the exclusive Glen Hills Country Club would still be drowsing after its nightly hilarity. Four miles ahead, the great brick-yard bearing Mr. Flannigan's name would long have started its day of grimy sweat. And little lay between these citadels of wealth and industry but the shimmering highway now and then skirting a bit of forest preserve like the one into which he had driven.

Mr. Flannigan could hardly have chosen a safer retreat for making an idiot of himself.

That's what his wife would call it. But Noreen didn't understand. She was too busy pushing a charming, slightly dazed daughter into the Country Club set dominated by Thornton Blake—silly old fool—to see what a nonentity her husband had become in the process; how lonely he was amid their new grandeur; how desperately in need of expressing his simple nature otherwise than through bricks. She didn't even try to understand.

The piano incident proved it.

"At your age?" she had gasped, when he handed her the ad with an embarrassed laugh.

"'Tis something I've wanted to do all my life, Nora."

"Please."

"Aw, well, Noreen, then. I'm forgetting the latest touch. Anyhow, see, it says twenty home lessons does it; and only fifteen minutes of practice a day with the new, easy scheme they've invented. I could be playing some of the old tunes in no time, maybe. Take 'The Wearing of the Green' now—"

"You're fifty-two years old! Do you think I'll have you making a spectacle of yourself around the house?" She gave one of her recently acquired sniffs. "What would the Sibleys say? And the Harringtons? What would dear Ellsworth Coddingham think if he called for Betty some night and found her father perched on a stool in the music room trying to learn the piano by mail?"

The name, Coddingham, touched off something inside him.

"Dear Ellsworth," he exploded before he caught himself, "can go straight and direct to hell, and good riddance!"

She puffed up to the bursting point.

"There, there, darling," he soothed, "I was only saying 'tis funny the splurge a smart dresser can make these days with no visible means of support at all but a poker face and an oily tongue."

"Ellsworth," she reminded him icily, "is one of the Coddinghams."

"The last tag-end, thank God. I've no faith in any of the tribe since old Coddingham flim-flammed a decent fortune out of poor Brested's widow, and Dane having to quit college for

the works. Ah, there's the lad for our Betty," he continued, after a deep sigh. "Clean-cut and honest as poor Michael himself. Best confidential secretary I ever had, Dane is—barring a bit of temper lately. And who can blame him after his treatment in this very house?"

"You know perfectly well it was Dane's own fault."

"And Betty's, too, no doubt. Hot-heads, the both of them. Still, I've a notion they'd make up yet if you'd give 'em a proper chance, instead of filling the girl's brain with silly society nonsense 'till it's a wonder—"

"Let's not discuss that again. Nor *this*."

Noreen's tone was decisive as, with a final sniff, she crumpled the piano ad in her capable palm.

They hadn't.

Nevertheless, Mr. Flannigan's craving for some outlet through which to express his pent-up feelings had led him to pursue the search in secret. Then, quite unexpectedly, he had stumbled on the very thing. He felt a little foolish about it even now. But what did he care, since it yielded secret solace at trying times.

And solace was what he needed this morning as never before.

Not that he was bothered much by a new and unexpected competitor for the important Government job on which he had set his heart for weeks. A good scrap was meat and drink to Patrick Flannigan. And if the Huddleton interests chose to horn in at the last minute and make it a slugging match, that was their funeral.

No, it was nothing connected with business that plunged him into the depths this morning. It was a breakfast conversation in which he had taken a negligible part only half an hour before.

The fact that both wife and daughter had honored him with their kimono-clad presences at so outrageous an hour should have warned him of new troubles brewing.

"Now that Mr. Blake has actually accepted," Noreen beamed, checking a list beside her plate, "I think we'd better have your father, too. Besides, dear Ellsworth practically insisted on his being here."

She spoke of her husband as impersonally as if Mr. Flannigan's bald head were not visible above the Glen Hills Chronicle directly across the table.

"Wake up and cheer, Dad. You're to be on tap tonight," Betty announced. Then, to her mother, "But what can the darling wear?"

"Your father? Didn't I tell you? A wig. A big, bushy one. Ellsworth suggested it. He's so clever about such things."

"Oh, Dad, you'll be priceless in a *wig!*!"

BETTY'S laugh rang through the breakfast room as she turned enormous black eyes on Mr. Flannigan's glistening dome. No wonder a girl with eyes like that had dazzled even so experienced a connoisseur of heiresses as Ellsworth Coddingham.

But their effect on her father was different. The Glen Hills Chronicle slid down with a jerk, disclosing a dull red creeping over his seamed face.

"What kind of a party is this, anyhow?" he glowered. "Me wearing a *wig!*!"

"'Suppressed Desires' is the trade name, old dear," Betty explained. "Your bosom friend, Mr. Ellsworth Coddingham, says they're being given by the best families this year. So simple, too. All you do is wear something that shows a secret wish. For instance, I want to be a nurse like Mother was, so naturally it's a Red Cross costume for me. And with your bald head—"

"I'll wear no *wig!*!" he snorted. "Besides, I'll likely have to be at the works again tonight checking over a bid with Dane."

Betty's face fell. "Oh, Dad."

"I could maybe figure it alone," he added, glancing hopefully from one to the other, "in case you're asking the lad to your party, too."

"We want nothing more to do with Dane Brested," Noreen bristled. "Do we, Betty?"

The girl, suddenly sobered, shook her head slowly and stared out through the French doors.

Observing an angry pink spot in her right cheek, Mr. Flannigan sighed heavily, bit the end from a fifty-cent *perfecto* and left for the works.

Compared to Noreen's foolish blindness and his own bitter disappointment over the matter of Betty and Dane, a wig—even a big, bushy one—was little enough to worry about.

Nevertheless, the thought of making a spectacle of himself before Blake and the rest of Noreen's new friends seemed the last straw. He never had longed for secret solace more than right now when he pulled up in the forest preserve with a scathing, "Suppressed Desires!"

HAVING made certain that no other human was within gunshot, he shut off the engine, twisted around in his seat and drew a black leather case from somewhere behind. The left door pocket disgorged a curious, home-made wire contraption which snapped over the steering wheel. Next he produced, as if by magic, a thin book bearing the legend, PRACTICAL HOME SAXOPHONE COURSE, followed by the inspiring couplet,

"Thousands do—

"And so can YOU!"

Then he opened the leather case and fitted together the ornate instrument purchased surreptitiously by mail. Gripping the thing like a club, he eyed it lovingly a moment as if dimly reminded of one of those ancient shillalahs wielded by some distant forebear in the old country.

Finally he clamped the book open on the steering wheel at Lesson 7—"Papa's Waltz," moistened his lips and drew a long breath.

For ten minutes thereafter the forest preserve echoed heart-rending wails mingled with an occasional startling scream, as Mr. Flannigan puffed his way again and again through the simple exercise.

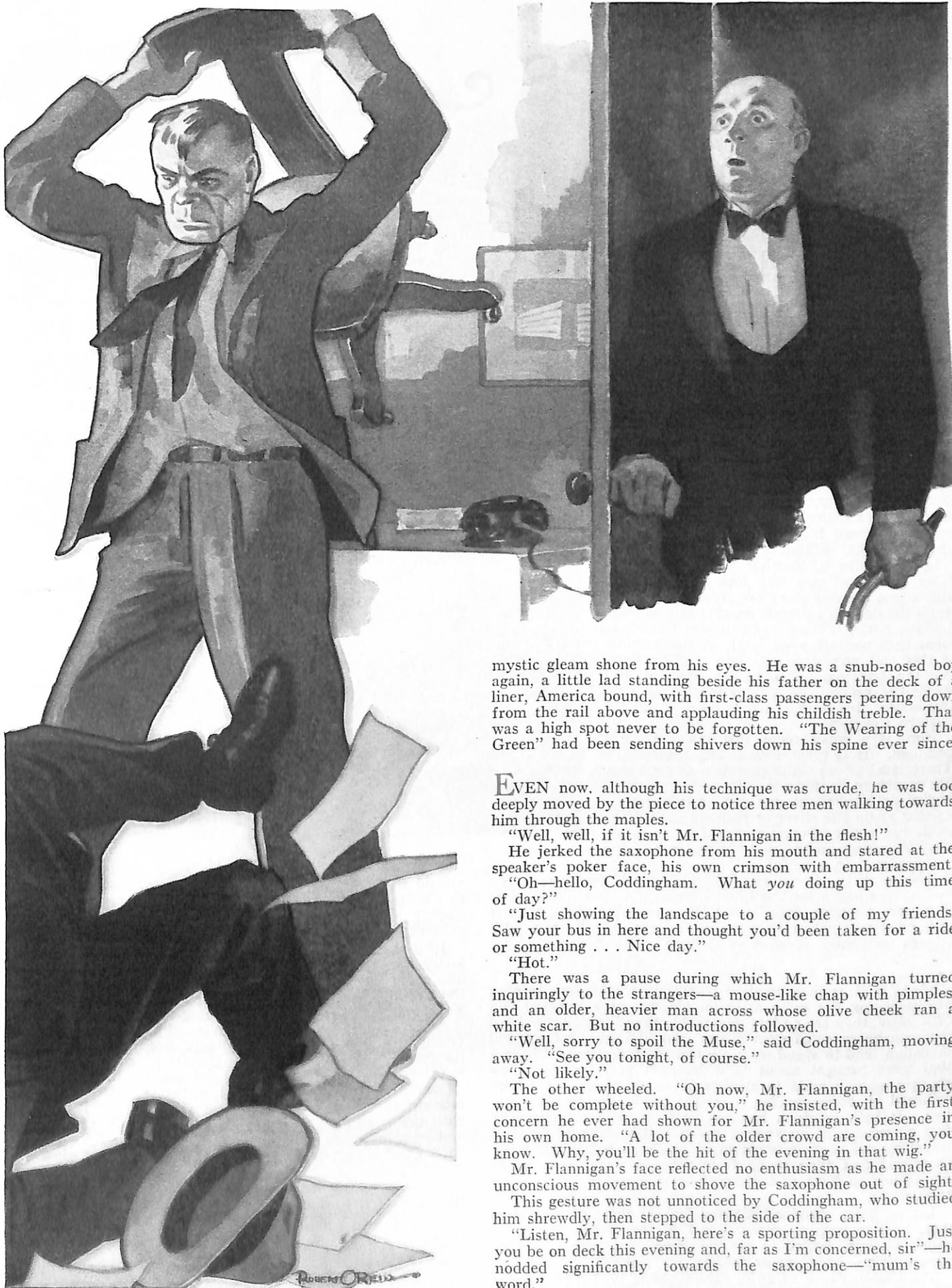
Having completed the formal assignment with a relieved "T'hell with such stuff," he discarded the printed page and plunged into a mournful version of his favorite work, "The Wearing of the Green."

Nothing so fitted his present frame of mind.

As he played, the lines of his face softened surprisingly; a

A primitive exultation surged through Mr. Flannigan as it had through countless of his ancestors wielding stout cudgels in old Ireland





mystic gleam shone from his eyes. He was a snub-nosed boy again, a little lad standing beside his father on the deck of a liner, America bound, with first-class passengers peering down from the rail above and applauding his childish treble. That was a high spot never to be forgotten. "The Wearing of the Green" had been sending shivers down his spine ever since.

EVEN now, although his technique was crude, he was too deeply moved by the piece to notice three men walking towards him through the maples.

"Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Flannigan in the flesh!"

He jerked the saxophone from his mouth and stared at the speaker's poker face, his own crimson with embarrassment.

"Oh—hello, Coddington. What you doing up this time of day?"

"Just showing the landscape to a couple of my friends. Saw your bus in here and thought you'd been taken for a ride or something . . . Nice day."

"Hot."

There was a pause during which Mr. Flannigan turned inquiringly to the strangers—a mouse-like chap with pimples, and an older, heavier man across whose olive cheek ran a white scar. But no introductions followed.

"Well, sorry to spoil the Muse," said Coddington, moving away. "See you tonight, of course."

"Not likely."

The other wheeled. "Oh now, Mr. Flannigan, the party won't be complete without you," he insisted, with the first concern he ever had shown for Mr. Flannigan's presence in his own home. "A lot of the older crowd are coming, you know. Why, you'll be the hit of the evening in that wig."

Mr. Flannigan's face reflected no enthusiasm as he made an unconscious movement to shove the saxophone out of sight.

This gesture was not unnoticed by Coddington, who studied him shrewdly, then stepped to the side of the car.

"Listen, Mr. Flannigan, here's a sporting proposition. Just you be on deck this evening and, far as I'm concerned, sir"—he nodded significantly towards the saxophone—"mum's the word."

Mr. Flannigan glared after the oddly (*Continued on page 34*)

Luxuries Ahead

by Myron M. Stearns

*Illustrated by
Alexis de Sakhnoffsky*

IMAGINE the astonishment of a Continental officer, General Israel Putnam, say, or the Marquis de Lafayette, or even General Washington himself, examining a modern apartment house. Warmth in every room, although it is the middle of winter and everything is freezing outdoors—but no fires! No crackling logs, no flame, no smell of smoke, no fireplaces!

Light, equally amazing. Outside it is growing dark. But inside, click! and the room is flooded with light! No candles, no flaring torches, but suddenly, without observable cause except that one mysterious click, shaded lights jump into existence, just right for reading or writing—without further sound, without smell, without smoke, without a flicker!

In the hallway, another marvel. A door slides open, and you step into a small room, with a seat running along one side. Your guide closes the door and presses another one of these Arabian Night buttons—and presto! the whole room rises beneath your feet! A few minutes of this and you step out onto another floor, like the one you left—but hundreds of feet above the ground, higher up in the air than any house, any church steeple even, in all the thirteen Colonies!

Here is a small room that opens from a bedroom. It is filled with strange appliances. There is a curved white porcelain sarcophagus, big enough to lie down in. There are glittering knobs, or handles, at one end of it, made of shining metal like silver or polished steel. The guide twists one of them and cold water gushes out; he turns another, and the water becomes scalding hot. A miracle!

The marvels are endless. A small black contrivance, attached to a heavy cord, is lifted from a table and addressed as if it were a person, called Long Distance. A moment later it is handed to General Putnam and he can actually talk with friends in Boston, seven days of hard travel distant.

AMAZING as these modern inventions would seem to anyone revisiting the earth after an absence of a hundred and fifty years, they are no less remarkable than the changes ahead that can be expected even in our own lifetime. Science and invention tend to speed up in geometric progression. Changes that were brought about in a hundred years produce new changes equally great in another fifty, and these in turn are followed by corresponding developments in the next twenty-five. It took nearly a hundred years to go from travel by fast stagecoach at an average speed of ten miles an hour to travel by rail at an average speed of forty; it has taken less than half that time to go from railroad travel at forty or fifty miles an hour to transcontinental journeys by plane at 120 or 150.

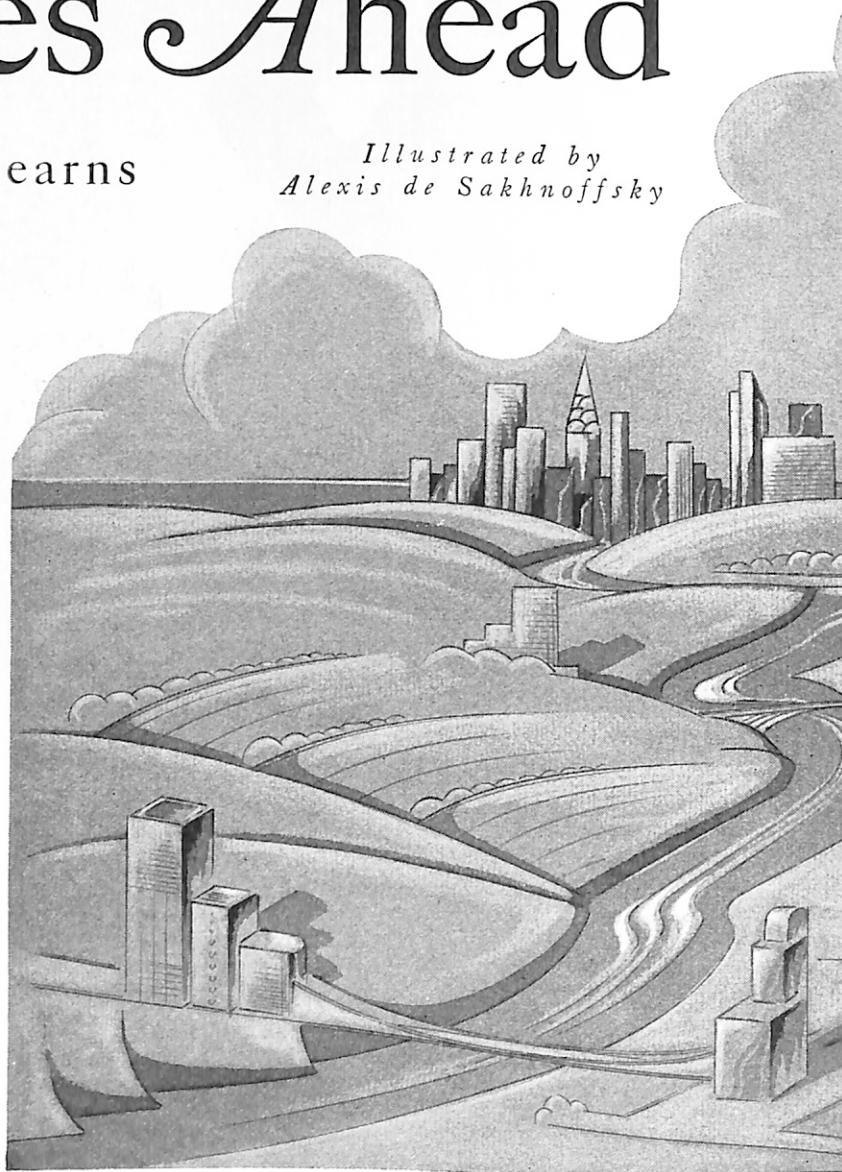
Let us jump ahead a little and look at some of the things that, barring wars so destructive that they set back science itself, we can expect to see ourselves, say within another decade or two, or three or four at the most.

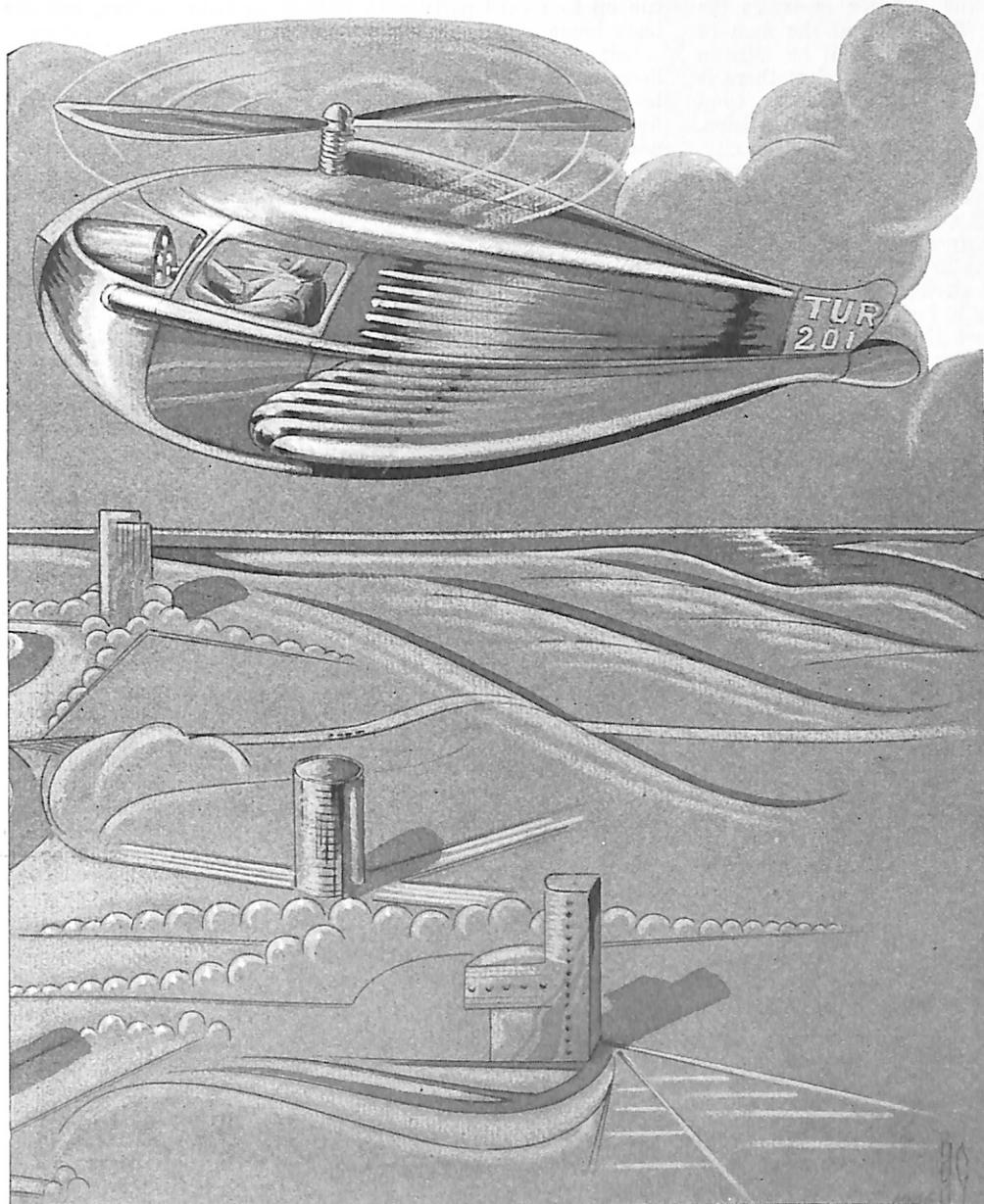
The business man of 1950, say—make it 1970 if you prefer—wakes up in his home in the country. We can follow him

around for a bit, and then see something of how the luxuries that he enjoys, commonplace to him, but as amazing to us as electric light bulbs would be to George Washington—came into existence.

John Garrison—we'll call him—is a minor executive, in the salary class that today would allow a new low-priced automobile about every other year. But he lives beside a lake in the Catskills, nearly a hundred miles from his office in New York, and has no trouble in commuting comfortably every day.

After a quick shower he washes off his overnight beard (razors are almost obsolete) and gets dressed. The water in his shower bath has been chemically treated, and gives him an exhilarating sense of vigor and good health. His clothes are all new; they have never been worn before. It takes only a moment to slip into soft trunks, of a slightly elastic material with the qualities of both thin rubber and silk, shirt, scarf, and business suit. As it is summer, the suit is light, pressed from wood fibre, not much heavier, but much softer, than our paper toweling of today. When it is soiled, it can be thrown away, as it is cheaper to buy another than to have it laundered. As much of the present-day dust and dirt is done away with, a suit will often be presentable for four or five days; John buys them by the half-dozen or dozen. For winter, to use outdoors in cold weather, he has an electrically-heated overcoat, as well as gloves and hat. In a way this heated clothing, which keeps him comfortably warm even in zero temperature, is almost the completion of a cycle, with its similarity to the





John comes in each day from the Catskills in his helicopter, an inexpensive flying-machine capable of 150 miles an hour

them. Although both are nearing seventy, they seem hardly older than people of forty-five or fifty today. Such diseases as cancer, arthritis and apoplexy have followed smallpox and yellow fever into oblivion; the "life-expectancy" that in the Middle Ages was less than 30 years, at the time of the Civil War about 40, and by 1920 past 50, has been pushed ahead into the 70's.

To get to town John uses his helicopter, an inexpensive low-altitude flying-machine capable of only 150 miles an hour. Even with its stubby little wings at the sides, it is hardly bigger than the smallest foreign automobiles of the present day, and of course weighs far less than anything of the kind we are yet acquainted with. It is powered with one of the simple, high-explosive motors, using a concentrated fuel more like TNT than gasoline, but muffled so that it is practically silent. The new high-speed darters and other types of rocket-ships have not yet come into general use.

From the hillsides dotted with one-family homes like John's own, he flies over several of the great skyscraper suburbs, with isolated tower apartment houses, each set in acres of gardens and golf courses. He crosses also

two of the great freight highways, alive with the traffic moving along them like lines of swift black ants.

Reaching the city, he drops down to the flat roof of the building where his office is located, checks his machine and takes an elevator down, instead of up, to the 51st floor. The roof attendants park his little commuting model in the space reserved for flying-machines on the upper floors.

IN the office, John buckles down to the day's work. On a rack beside his desk, for reference, are the morning papers from a number of the main English-speaking cities of the globe: Chicago, San Francisco, Sydney, Cape Town and London; also Calcutta and Shanghai. The daily papers of any city are, of course, available as soon as they are published anywhere in the world.

Although John has one of the inner offices, the air is cool and invigorating. He can regulate it at will, both for temperature and humidity. The whole building is air-conditioned, but individual filters and adjustments are possible for particular offices, so that John can have, if he wants it, the salty tang of sea air or the clear, dry air of Arizona. The light above his head is also adjustable. As he works he can be securing a Florida tan or enjoying health-giving sun-rays that do not affect the skin at all.

To speak with other members of the staff in different offices, John merely pushes the proper button on a panel that carries

old custom of Tibetan tribesmen, who still wear little charcoal heaters on their stomachs, inside their outer wrappings.

John's shoes are noteworthy. They weigh only a few ounces, but have springy soles nearly two inches thick that absorb shocks like rubber tires.

Although the day promises to be a scorcher, the inside of the house is cool and fresh. The same air-conditioning apparatus that warms it in winter keeps it cool in summer; the shift from one system to the other is automatic, thermostatically controlled.

The furniture in the house differs from what we know in that wood and metal have been replaced by softer, more flexible materials, something like hard rubber, with seats and back-rests as soft as air cushions. Doors open and shut automatically, operated by the simple photo-electric cell that we already know today.

At breakfast, John eats first a small helping of prepared food that contains all the essentials for health—all the vitamins, iodine, iron and so on that the system needs. After this the dishes are largely for bulk and pleasure, prepared as taste and pocketbook permit. Rare dishes that are still considered great delicacies—tropical fruits, berries, fish, game, and so on—are readily available at what would seem to us to be ridiculously low prices, because of radical changes that have taken place in the production, preservation, transportation, and even distribution, of food-stuffs.

Besides John's own family, his wife's parents live with

the whole list of names, and asks the question or issues the instructions that he has in mind. The voice of the man to whom he is speaking comes back as clearly as if he were in the same room. Aside from this inter-office wireless there is the regular communication system for greater distances, combining the properties of our present telephone with television. If he has occasion to talk with some salesman in another city, for example, or if during the noon hour he wants to chat with his family, he can see the entire room in which the people he is talking with are sitting or moving about, and converse with them almost as if he were in the same room.

To save time, John decides to eat in the office. A spoken order is given to one of the menu clerks of the ground-floor restaurant, and a few minutes later a high-speed dumbwaiter rushes it to the 51st floor. For lunch there is no need of the protective vitamin-food; that particular necessity has already been attended to for the whole day. With both eatables and drinkables, John has the whole world to order from, at prices no greater than those for ordinary dishes today.

Early in the afternoon he has to attend, as a representative of his company, a meeting that is to be held in another building some distance away. Instead of descending to the street level, or up to the roof and going to the bother of getting out his machine, he goes to the half-way street at the 40th-floor level and takes one of the nickel scooter-cars. Smaller even than present-day motorcycles, these vehicles are available at all the office buildings for use on the network of communication bridges that extend from skyscraper to skyscraper. Running through the center of the buildings, at a uniform level throughout the business district, they offer easy access to all the other main business blocks of the city, and it takes John only a couple of minutes to reach his destination. Returning, he may get the same machine, or another; it makes no difference, as there are plenty of them available at all points, and the back-and-forth traffic keeps the supply well distributed.

Work for the day is over at 3:45, but before going back home John flies down to one of the Long Island beaches to have a dip in the surf with some of the other fellows from the office. He is back in the Catskills in time for a stroll with wife before dinner.

In the evening they

run up to a card party with friends on Lake George, and are back home a little after midnight.

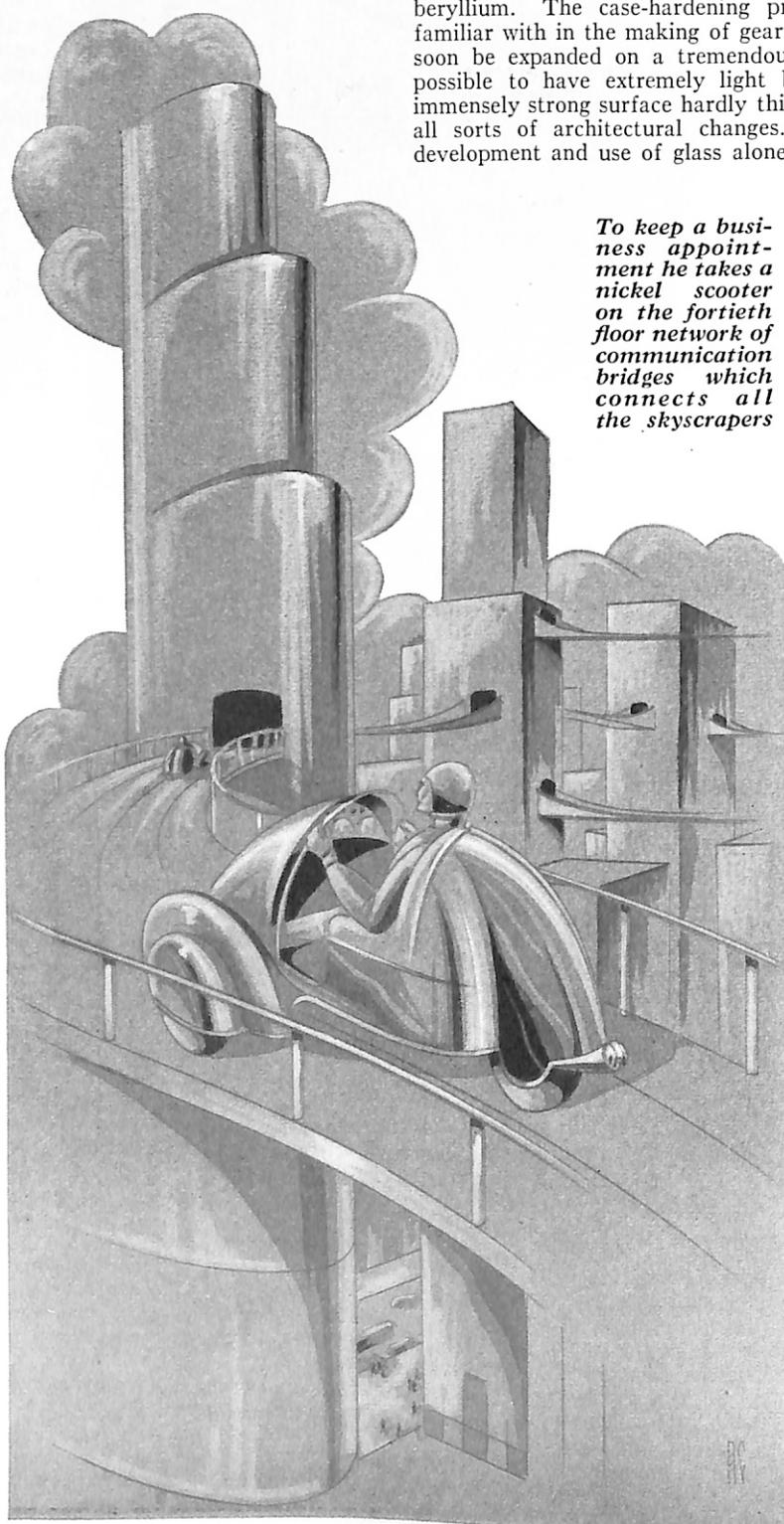
Our economic needs, under one or another of which can be listed all these luxuries that our imaginary John Garrison may be enjoying in another 15 or 20 years, can be classified under five heads: housing, clothing, food, communication and transportation. In each of these fields science and invention are already preparing further miracles.

It is hard to realize that the skyscrapers we know today are still hardly forty years old. Two things made them possible: the invention of elevators and the development of structural steel. Today we face still greater changes, through the development of new building materials. Steel alone is only at the beginning of its possible development, with rustless steel and stainless steel merely forerunners of all sorts of new combinations that may be expected yearly. But steel itself will quickly give way to lighter materials, like aluminum and beryllium. The case-hardening processes that we are now familiar with in the making of gears and the like will probably soon be expanded on a tremendous scale, so that it will be possible to have extremely light building materials with an immensely strong surface hardly thicker than paper, permitting all sorts of architectural changes. The possibilities in the development and use of glass alone are almost endless. It has

been suggested that cities of the future may be roofed in for miles with a light, thin, glass covering that will permit air-conditioning on a vast scale beneath its shelter.

With this infinitely wide range of new materials to play with, it is already possible to foresee housing developments along two entirely different lines. On the one hand there will come the erection of apartment skyscrapers greater, more comfortable and more economical than anything the world has yet seen, housing thousands of families in a single great unified structure. On the other hand there will probably be the continuous development of single home units, cheaper and possibly smaller, but more comfortable than the homes we know today. You will be able to order houses in the future as you might order a tractor to be shipped by plane to northern Canada today; it will come knocked down, complete to the smallest detail, to be assembled and set up in a few days' time.

Around both kinds of buildings, the great skyscraper apartment houses and the single homes, we can expect in the future much more of space and beauty than is to be found at present. When a thousand families all live together under a single roof the
(Con't on page 49)



The Bridge Kibitzer Had His Day

By George Coffin

MORE American inventive genius has been spent during the depression devising new systems and new ways to play bridge than in any other field. The rank and file of winning tournament players, headed by Sims, Burnstine, Schenken and Jacoby, developed from the crucible of tournament competition, a system of bidding so strong, so sound, and yet so utterly simple that even Culbertson has been forced to discard his former system, including his table of honor-tricks. The "Culbertson System of 1935," released at his recent bridge teachers' convention, is a codification of this standardized tournament system. This latest of Contract Bridge books is a pocket-sized affair, indexed for quick reference during play and containing 80 pages on bidding, and standard practices in leads and plays. At last, we have one system!

The countless promoters of bidding systems have finally come to their senses and now are devoting their brains to the problem of eliminating that age-long menace, the kibitzer. Until recently the sacred iron square has remained unbroken. If five or six players were present at the club, only four participated actively. As for the seventh player—well, it was just too bad. He did not even get a look-in because six completed a "full table." Needless to say, the fourth who failed to show up has ruined many a bridge evening for three stranded players.

But all this is rapidly changing. Anybody found lurking or snickering around a card table can now be ushered right into the fracas. The kibitzer is the vanishing American!

Three-Handed Bridge

For three kibitzers there are two popular forms of three-handed bridge. Triangle Contract based on partnership bidding, and Towie, a cut-throat game.

In Triangle (originated by the writer) the dealer exposes his

A Prize Will Be Given to Every Elk Who Submits the Correct Solution to the Problem Below:

NORTH			
♠—K 3			
♥—Q 9 5			
♦—Q 8 5 3 2			
♣—K J 8			

WEST			
♠—J 6 4			
♥—J 8 7 6			
♦—J 6 4			
♣—10 9 6			

EAST			
♠—Q 10 9 8 7			
♥—K 10 3			
♦—K			
♣—Q 7 5 3			

SOUTH			
♠—A 5 2			
♥—A 4 2			
♦—A 10 9 7			
♣—A 4 2			

There are no trumps, and West leads the six of hearts. North and South must win TWELVE tricks against any defense.

Mail your solution to George Coffin, Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire. It must reach him by July 1, 1935. The correct solution and names of the solvers will be published in a subsequent issue.

The prize for solving this problem correctly will be a copy of Mr. Coffin's new bridge book based on the 1935 Culbertson system of bidding. Readers who wish to purchase this clear and compact book may do so by sending Mr. Coffin 35c per copy, which price includes the postage.



dummy face up on the table before bidding commences. His left-hand opponent bids first and his right-hand opponent next—before the dealer bids at all. Dummy never bids. The two opponents are always partners against the dealer and his exposed dummy during the current deal, and they always play their hands closed, even when they buy the contract.

Should the left-hand opponent get the contract at "Four Spades" for example, the opening lead would come from his left as usual—in this case from the dummy. The two opponents would strive to win ten or more tricks with spades as trumps against the dealer and his exposed dummy. There are never two dummies. Triangle Contract is the natural adaptation of regular four-player bridge for three, because it retains the basic element of partnership bidding and actually improves one's bidding and play for the four-handed game.

Rubbers and vulnerability are not scored in Triangle as each deal is a game by itself. The declarer receives a bonus of 300 points for bidding and making game, and a special bonus of 50 points for fulfilling any contract for less than game, as in Duplicate. At the end of every hand each player enters his net score in his plus or minus column. The dealer always wins or loses double the total score of each deal, because he collects from two opponents or pays them. Thus if the dealer should bid and make "Four Hearts," he would make 120 for tricks plus the game bonus of 300, total 420. This he multiplies by two, entering 840 in his plus column, while each opponent enters 420 in his minus column to balance the ledger.

In Towie, originated by J. Leonard Replogle, a scoring schedule too complicated to reproduce here has been devised to solve the kibitzer problem by giving them a financial interest in the play. We recommend Triangle scoring because it is simpler. The word "Towie" is supposed to be a contracted exclamation for "Down 1000!"

In this game only six cards of the dummy are exposed during the bidding, and the dummy is auctioned off to the highest bidder. He then exposes the dummy completely, opposite him, and the other two players become partners during the play. Partly concealing the dummy during the auction and the rule that any hand bid below game is not played but is redealt as a "goulash," has made Towie a popular gambling game.

Six-Handed Contract

Fay Miller, a young lawyer of Boston, has brought to our attention a game for six players which he calls "Hex," short for Hexagon Contract. Most bridge players have been trying to hush up this new monstrosity, because, with two partners, you can be hit from too many directions at once.

In Mr. Miller's game three players are partners against the other three, and they seat themselves around the table alternately among the opponents. The man seated directly opposite you is an opponent, and you may do anything but bite him in the clinches. The two players on either side of him are your partners, and they deserve the utmost respect if any missiles are within each reach. Those seated on either side of you are your enemies.

The two jokers are added to the pack so that each player receives nine cards. Each joker is played as a thirteener of an extra suit, and it always wins a trick when led, unless trumped. The jokers are not wild cards. The declarer has to win only two tricks for his book before counting the odd tricks toward his contract. The tricks required to set a contract remain the same as at four-handed bridge. It takes seven tricks to set a bid of one, or one trick to defeat a grand slam. (*Continued on page 42*)



EDITORIAL

DEDICATION AT MONTICELLO

FLAG DAY assumes an unusual interest to Elks this year from the fact that on that occasion the Order will formally dedicate the flag staff which has been erected at Monticello, as a gift from the Order to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation. At the same time the Virginia State Elks Association will present the first flag to be flown therefrom.

The ceremonial observance of Flag Day has been held at Monticello by Virginia Lodges a number of times, under permission from the Foundation, which has always been generously accorded. It was noted that there was no suitable staff on the premises from which the national flag could be effectively displayed; and the Grand Lodge, by resolutions adopted at Milwaukee and Kansas City, provided for the presentation of such a staff on behalf of the Order.

A special ritual has been prepared for the dedication, as a part of the colorful ceremonies for the Flag Day service to be conducted. Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon will deliver the address, and a number of Grand Lodge Officers will be present to participate in the occasion, as well as official representatives of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation.

The Virginia State Elks Association will hold its Annual Convention at Charlottesville on that date, thus assuring the attendance of a large number of Elks who have evinced a keen interest in the event.

It is pleasing to contemplate that, through the coming years, the American Flag will be regularly displayed at this notable site, flying from a beautiful staff which has been provided by the Order of Elks, as an evidence of the interest of its members in the preservation of this national patriotic shrine.

TRANSFER DIMITS

KT is natural that one should entertain a feeling of loyalty to the Lodge in which he was initiated and that he should hesitate to sever his connection with it in order to join another Lodge of the Order. This is not only a natural attitude, but a very proper and commendable one.

However, it must be realized that the full effectiveness of one's membership depends upon the maintenance of his interest and enthusiasm, and that this in turn depends very largely upon his contacts with his Lodge brothers and his participation in its activities. When opportunity for such associations no longer exists, and when he is unable personally to share in his Lodge's undertakings, his interest is likely to flag for lack of the essential influences which keep it alive.

If, therefore, an Elk definitely moves into another Lodge jurisdiction in which he expects to be permanently located, he should request a transfer dimit and join that other Lodge. This will enable him to cultivate its associations and share in its activities in the only way that will preserve to him the full measure of satisfaction and happiness in his membership. Unless he does this he continues to be a mere "visiting brother."

The Order has a real interest in such transfer dimits. They lessen the probability of lapsation and loss.

Each secretary of a local Lodge likewise has a very natural desire to retain on its rolls every member whose name is once placed there. He dislikes to have his Lodge lose the benefit of its fullest possible membership. While this is also as proper and commendable as it is natural, it should not lead to efforts to dissuade a member from applying for a transfer dimit in a proper case. Much less should it lead to purposeful delay and neglect in action thereon.

A secretary should not forget his loyalty to the Order in his loyalty to his own Lodge. He should recognize that one who moves from its jurisdiction is a potential loss to both, and he should welcome the opportunity to insure a brother's retention of membership in the Order by prompt cooperation in effecting his transfer to the new Lodge.

True fraternal patriotism is not provincial nor selfishly local. It looks to the larger good of the whole Order. It prompts the encouragement of transfer dimits in proper cases—not to their discouragement and certainly not to their obstruction.

THE HISTORY OF THE ORDER



THE awaited booklet which has been generally referred to as "The History of The Order," and which has been in preparation under the supervision of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, has been completed. A limited edition has been published and copies have been forwarded to the Exalted Rulers of the subordinate Lodges.

It is a compilation of information relating to the Order which every member, and every future initiate, should possess. It briefly sets forth the character and purposes of the Order, its organization, its achievements, and its current national activities. It lists and explains our fraternal ceremonials. It describes the governmental structure of the Order, the functions of the Grand Lodge, of the subordinate Lodges, and of their respective officers and committees.

Attractive in its physical make up, and written in a narrative style designed to impart the information it contains in the most readily digestible form, it is believed that it will acceptably meet a long felt need. It is anticipated that the Grand Lodge at its next month's session in Columbus, will make provision for the formal adoption of the History to be used for its expressed purpose and for its proper availability to the Lodges and the membership generally.

A RECURRING INQUIRY



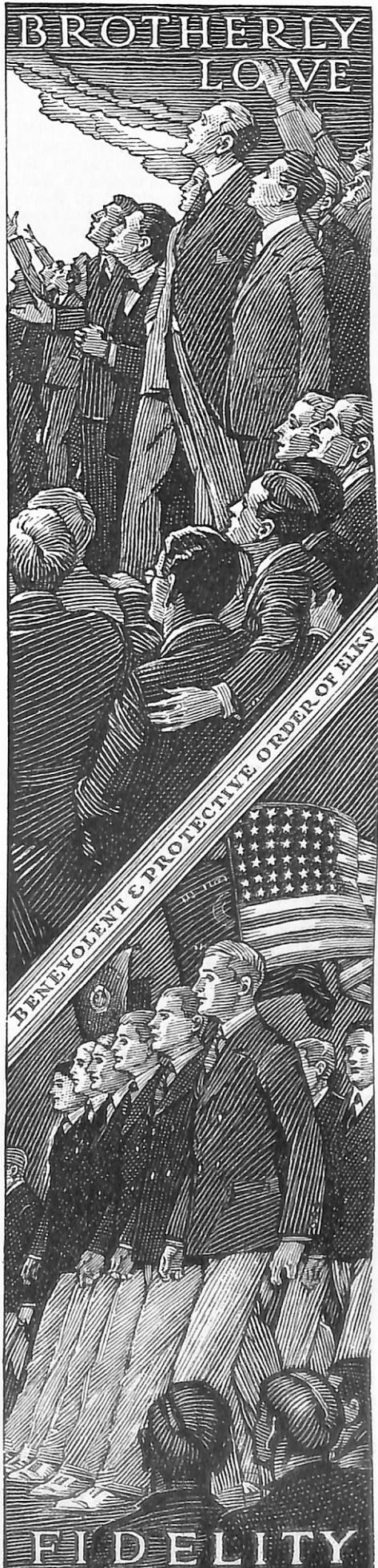
UIITE frequently the assertion is made by a member of the Order—and usually it is made with a degree of pride—that he has been an Elk for many years. In such cases the statement is made as to mere length of membership. There is no intended boastfulness as to how good an Elk the claimant has been. However, while every maintained membership is helpful and necessary to the group activities of the Lodge, there is much more involved in it than mere maintenance in good standing.

The first editorial that appeared in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, when this Department was established, was captioned, "Are You An Elk?" The idea suggested was that the privilege of calling one's self an Elk carried certain implications as to character, personality, social mindedness and fraternal activity. The inquiry was designed to prompt a self analysis, to enable one to determine whether he was a real Elk, or one in name only.

The inquiry is worth repeating, with the same purpose in view. One who becomes conscious, from such a self examination, that he is not such an Elk as he should be, is likely to make an effort to improve his fraternal status. It is well, therefore, for members occasionally to make such a personal survey. It is good for them. It is naturally good for the Order.

In such a self study it should be recalled that the inquiry must have relation to all the associations of life; not merely to those of the Lodge Room or the Club House. A real Elk displays affection and kindness in his home; honesty in his business; diligence in his labor; practical sympathy toward the unfortunate; helpfulness toward those in need; good citizenship to his community; and reverence toward the Supreme Being in whom he believes.

None of us, perhaps, could honestly rate ourselves as high as we would like to do. Most of us would find our grades lower than they should be. If realization of these facts inspires a determination to improve, as it should do, then the recurring inquiry has served its highest purpose.



News of the State and District Associations

Ariz. State Elks Assn. Holds Annual Convention at Kingman

Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, played host to the 20th Annual Reunion of the Ariz. State Elks Assn. which started on Wednesday, April 24, and concluded on Saturday, April 27. The attendance numbered over 300 guests, including Grand Lodge officials and representatives from every Lodge in Arizona. The first day witnessed the arrival of the delegates, with the gathering of the Arizona Elks at a special session of Kingman Lodge that evening under the leadership of Carl G. Krook, E.R.

On the second day the first business session was designated as Arizona Elks Hospital Day. After the welcoming ceremonies by P. R. Campbell of Kingman Lodge, Pres. of the Mohave Chamber of Commerce, and the response by Past Grand Tyler Joseph F. Mayer, of Globe Lodge, a Past State Pres., the Association's business was promptly and efficiently transacted.

The work at the Arizona Elks Hospital at Tucson, which was established by the State Assn. in 1931, was described in a complete report by M. H. Starkweather of Tucson Lodge, Secy.-Treas. of the Hospital Executive Committee. The Hospital was shown to be in excellent financial condition with every assurance of its continued success.

The finals in the first Arizona Ritualistic Contest, bringing into competition teams from Prescott and Tucson Lodges, were also held on Thursday. The Prescott Team emerged victorious, was acclaimed as Arizona's Championship Ritualistic Team and awarded the Herman Lewkowitz Trophy, a beautiful cup offered by State Pres. Lewkowitz.

Friday—the second day of the sessions—was designated Grand Lodge Day, and for the first time in its history the Ariz. State Elks Assn. was honored by having Grand Lodge officials in attendance, including Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott of San Francisco. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the delegates on the subjects of his greatest interest—pro-Americanism and Acts of Friendship.

Concluding the last business session, the Kingman Lodge of Antlers exemplified their ritual and were later presented with their Grand Lodge permit by Mr. Shannon.

Yuma was selected for the 1936 Convention City. M. H. Starkweather of Tucson Lodge was elected Pres. Other officers elected were: 1st Vice-Pres., Ray M. Hall, Prescott; 2nd Vice-Pres., F. H. Thomas, Globe; 3rd Vice-Pres., Peter Riley, Clifton; Treas., John W. Wagner, Phoenix; Trustees: Ben O'Neil, Ajo; H. L. Albers, Flagstaff, and K. W. Davidson, Kingman. Frank A. Michel, Tucson, was appointed Secy.

The round of social activities was concluded with the annual banquet and ball, held Friday evening with an attendance of over 500 Elks and their ladies, including Grand Lodge officials, officers of the State Assn., delegates, and other members of the Order. A trip to Boulder Dam was made on Saturday by the entire group. After the inspection tour, which was led by Francis Crowe, General Superintendent of the Six Companies, general contractors, the Elks were guests at a luncheon at the Anderson Bros. mess hall, where the workers are fed.

Voted as the finest and most successful Convention of the Assn. in its history, much of the credit for its success was given the 1935 Convention Committee of Kingman Lodge, headed by Past Pres. W. S. Thompson. K. W. Davidson, Carl G. Krook and Stanley Wakefield assisted him.

Leo C. Gavagan, Past State Secy.

Marion, O., Lodge Entertains State Assn. Spring Meeting. Holds 50th Anniversary

Representatives from 42 Ohio Lodges were present at the fifth Annual Spring Meeting of the Ohio State Elks Assn., which took place in Marion April 27-28. It was pronounced the most successful of all the Spring Meetings and was attended by hundreds of Ohio Elks, by many past and present officers of the State Assn. and subordinate Lodges.



Association	City	Date
Nebraska	Grand Island	June 2-3-4
Iowa	Muscatine	June 3-4-5
Illinois	Quincy	June 6-7-8
Idaho	Boise	June 7-8
Massachusetts	Adams	June 8-9-10
Missouri	Maryville	June 10-11
Indiana	Terre Haute	June 11-12-13
Washington	Walla Walla	June 13-14-15
Mississippi	Vicksburg	June 14
Michigan	Detroit	June 14-15-16
Virginia	Charlottesville	June 14-15-16
Wyoming	Casper	June 15
Connecticut	Norwalk	June 22
New York	Elmira	June 23-24-25-26

Twelve Past State Presidents were present at the Advisory Council meeting, namely: William H. Reinhart, Sandusky; Albert B. Dawson, Columbus; A. Clyde Reasoner, Zanesville; Charles W. Fairbanks, Marion; George J. Doerzbach, Sandusky; J. F. Sherry, Bellaire; A. Bart Horton, Cincinnati; George A. Snyder, Fostoria; William G. Lambert, Cleveland; J. C. A. Leppelman, Toledo; Norman C. Parr, New Philadelphia, and William F. Bruning, Cleveland.

Some of the highlights of the Spring Meeting were a trap-shoot tournament on Saturday afternoon, a banquet, dance and floor show Saturday evening, State Assn. and Advisory Council meetings on Sunday morning, a P.E.R.'s Sunday noon meeting, and a golf tournament at the Country Club on Sunday afternoon. A Saturday matinee party was given for the wives of visitors and entertainment was provided for them in the Lodge Home during the Sunday business meetings.

Suggested Program for a Two-Day District Meeting:

Saturday afternoon—Golf tournament and trapshooting for men. Card party and musical program for ladies.

Saturday evening—Supper for subordinate Lodge officers followed by conference. Dance and floor show.

Sunday morning—District ritualistic contest or class initiation.

Sunday noon—Dinner with after-dinner speaking.

Sunday afternoon—Business meeting.

State Association officials who have not arranged for a spring district conference, are urged to do so.

FLOYD E. THOMPSON,
Chairman
E. G. LINSOTT
JAMES A. DISKIN
F. T. BENSON
RUSSELL V. MACK
Grand Lodge State
Associations Committee

State Secy. Harry D. Hale reported that a majority of the Lodges represented showed an average increase of 20% in membership during the past 12 months. The Lodges have been initiating classes regularly and obtaining many reinstatements. Recommendations and suggestions by the Advisory Council included plans for the Annual Reunion of the State Assn. at Cedar Point, Sandusky, the last week in August.

In the P.E.R.'s meeting arrangements were discussed for the establishment of Ohio State Assn. headquarters at the Grand Lodge Convention in Columbus in July. Col. C. W. Wallace, as Secy. of Columbus Lodge, outlined plans for Ohio's participation in the Convention, explaining that an effort was being made that was expected to result in the presence of a marching unit in the Convention parade from every Ohio Lodge.

In conjunction with the Spring State Meeting, Marion Lodge, No. 32, celebrated its 50th Anniversary on Friday evening. The officers of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, which instituted Marion Lodge on March 3, 1885, initiated a class of 45 candidates to mark the event. Prior to the initiatory meeting, Marion Lodge entertained all the visitors from Cincinnati with a large banquet held at the Hotel Marion.

In the nature of a further celebration of its "Golden Jubilee," Marion Lodge entertained on the evening of May 3 for the ladies at a frog leg dinner in the club rooms, about 250 members and their guests being present.

*T. A. O'Leary, P.D.D., Chairman,
Gen'l. Convention Committee*

Cent. Dist. Assn. of Ind. Meets at Union City

At least 600 persons were attracted to Union City, Ind., on April 6 and 7 to attend the two-day Spring meeting of the Cent. Ind. Dist. Elks Assn., to which Union City Lodge, No. 1534, was host. Visitors included Grand Lodge and State Assn. officers, the State Champion Degree Team of Frankfort Lodge, No. 560, and several bands. The first day was largely devoted to registration and entertainment of the visitors.

Sunday, the second day, saw the carrying out of most of the principal events of the meeting. During the morning the initiation of 12 candidates into the Order was performed by the Frankfort Degree Team. At noon a banquet was held at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was the principal speaker. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters also spoke. P.D.D. J. J. Patchell was Toastmaster. More than 250 were present.

The business session followed the banquet. It was reported that all 13 Lodges of the District were represented for the first time in four years. It was also reported that a membership gain could be shown for each Lodge. Talks were made by the E.R.'s of all the Lodges, and arrangements for the State meeting to be held at Terre Haute June 11, 12 and 13, were announced by the State officers. The selection of Frankfort as the scene of the Dist. Assn.'s Fall meeting was made. A social session concluded the program.

In addition to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Masters, many prominent Elks were present, including Grand Esteemed Lect. Knight Joseph L. Clarke; D.D. Ollie M. Berry; State Pres. C. J. Joel; State Secy. William C. Groebel; State Vice-Pres. Raymond F. Thomas, and Past State Pres. Clyde Hunter. *J. J. Patchell, P.D.D., Chairman, Advertising Committee*

Photographs through
courtesy of
Wisconsin Conservation
Department



On, Wisconsin!

by Walter B. Chilsen

THREE hundred and one years ago the first of the French missionary-explorers descended Green Bay into the country of the Winnebago Indians. He was garbed in gorgeous robes and firing pistols with either hand. He was Jean Nicolet, looking for China—confident from forest rumors that every bend in the Fox River would bring him within sight of pagodas.

He crossed Lake Winnebago; traversed the range of the Sauk and Fox and Miami tribes, and descended due south through the territory that was known in ancient manuscripts as "Ouiskonsin," French corruption of its Indian name. It has been ascertained that Nicolet paused, somewhere in the forest, to decide whether or not to visit the great River to the west, of which they told him, and decided not to do so. Within a hundred miles of the Mississippi he tossed the honor of its discovery over his shoulder.

Pierre Radisson and his brother-in-law, Menard Grosseilliers, discovered Lake Superior and almost starved in a famine that killed 500 of their Huron associates on Chequamegon Bay. Afterward, when the French Government confiscated their hard-won pelts, Radisson joined the English and personally dealt a death-blow to the whole French fur trade in America. It was he who induced Charles II to charter the Hudson Bay Company.

Tragic Father Rene Menard, abandoned in 1660 on the shores of Keweenaw Bay by trading Indians, passed a wretched winter in the cruel cold. Spring came, and with it news of Huron fugitives, hiding from pursuing Ontarios somewhere on the Black River. Father Menard turned his back on the comforts of the Canadian settlements and went sublimely on to offer Christian consolation to the savages. They found Pere Menard's cassock and kettle in a Sioux lodge some years later.

Then, in 1673, Louis Joliet and the Jesuit Jacques Marquette found their famous route across the divide between the Great Lakes and Mississippi waterway systems. Almost simultaneously, Daniel Greysolon DuLuth, coming eastward from far-flung explorations in the Sioux country, definitely established



Sunset on Connor's Lake in Sawyer County. At top of page: Shooting rapids on the Flambeau River

the historic carry at Portage from the Wisconsin to the Fox Rivers, where only a mile of land separates their reaching fingers.

Robert, Chevalier de LaSalle, took possession of the Illinois River Valley for France and urged the Wisconsin Indians to emigrate there. Slowly there occurred a great southward movement of the forest tribes. The Mascoutin, Miami and Kickapoo left Wisconsin forever. The Potawatomi drifted a little southward, too. The Fox moved from the Wolf River region down to the stream that now bears their name. The Menominee, Sauk, Huron and Ottawa tribes descended to the middle ground. At last only the Ojibway were left to contest the ancient northern battleground with their hereditary enemies, the Sioux, and to carve out the last of the Indian empires from their headquar-

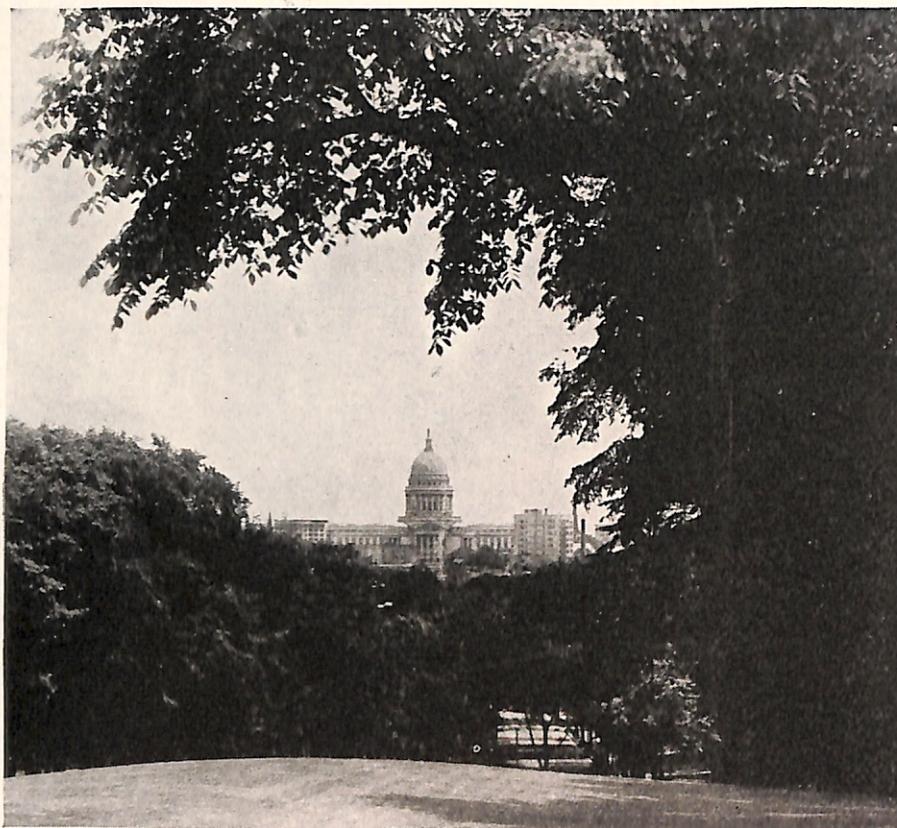
ters on the well wooded Apostle Islands.

This was the land the voyageurs explored, while the growing settlements on the Atlantic seaboard remained largely ignorant of the glamorous forest trails of Wisconsin. The missionary-explorers, the trappers and traders, had long since abandoned their quest for China. For, as they became more accustomed to that early roadstead down the lovely Fox, across the carry where Portage now stands, and thence along the spectacular Ouiskonsin to the Mississippi, they realized they had discovered wealth and beauty and abundance that would make men forget forever the search for the northwest passage.

THE Wisconsin territory flew four flags and became a part of five great Empires. From the shadowy days of the Ojibway Empire through the respective regimes of Spain, France, England and the United States, the lure of this land held and grew. Only the prehistoric mound-builders who left some 20,000 monuments, and the still more ancient races which preceded them, failed to record their appreciation of her. For the rest, their testimony has become an invitation. The time of hardships in the north is gone. Welcoming cordially all who come, is the territory the Indians called the Land of Sky-Blue Waters.

That invitation hasn't gone unheeded. From the time when the first keen eyed exploiters of the wilderness—the hunters, trappers and loggers—descended eagerly upon her forests, up to the recent discovery of a valuable black granite quarry in the woods of Lincoln County, men have been seeking and finding new rewards in Wisconsin.

Landsmen of many varieties have located their ideal ground within her borders. They've set cherry orchards on the limestone of the Door County peninsula, potatoes in the Langlade County sand, tobacco in the rich loam of the south, livestock in the verdant wooded pastures of the river valleys, fur ranches in the forests of the north. Industrialists have disclosed vast iron mines and coal fields within a few hundred miles of each other on her either side, with



Left: *The Wisconsin State Capitol at Madison as seen from the campus of the State University*

Below: *Wisconsin's Governor issues a cordial invitation to his fellow members to visit the State*

STATE OF WISCONSIN
EXECUTIVE OFFICE
MADISON

BROTHER ELKS:

WISCONSIN WELCOMES YOU!

In behalf of the Elks of Wisconsin and myself, it gives me great pleasure to extend to you a most cordial invitation and a hearty welcome to come and share with us the advantages of Wisconsin's great out-of-doors, her attractions, interests, and activities -- and to meet and become acquainted with our fine people.

Wisconsin's great out-of-doors, with her thousands of lakes and countless miles of streams and rivers, rolling hills and cool wooded lands abundant with wild life, awaits you. Our thousands of miles of improved highways will take you all over the state. Try and visit us this summer, if possible.

Fraternally yours,

Philip J. Hoffman
Philip F. La Follette
Governor

all of Wisconsin's water power in between. America swarms joyously into her woods each year—tourists and sportsmen, honeymooners and vacationists, millionaires and tramps—all heeding the open invitation of the Land o' Lakes. They come in everything from house-trailers to sleek limousines, and the main streets of the resort towns are a picture gallery of assorted license plates. The variety of their desires matches the variety of their origins, but Wisconsin fulfills her promise to them all. In recreation as in resources, the State is rich, abundant, varied, with a universal appeal of fresh, green beauty that can satisfy every mood.

There are no price-tags on Wisconsin's invitation. She has never learned to ask for multi-millionaires. All those who come are welcome. They find here all they ask for—bridle paths, fine golfing and tennis, and a wide variety of clubs. But Wisconsin makes no parade of great golf shows. Though the National Professional Tournament was held at Ozaukee last year the Sunday papers never think of assigning photographers to the resort regions in season. Much headlined names tap fancy bankrolls to build lake-side palaces, but their owners live in luxurious privacy.

Most of Wisconsin's tourists are of the middle-income class, finding their rest mainly in modest tourist homes, camps, or unpretentious lake-side resorts. This benefits the locality as well as the touring public, for the rich employ caretakers on their estates and pay taxes, and there are no palatial hotels closed most of the year and charging break-neck prices in season.

Thus, Wisconsin is a godsend to cities like Chicago and St. Louis, only a few hours away, where apartment dwellers work the year through in anticipation of the weeks when they can rent a cottage of their own and enjoy the free range of a whole forested lake. One lives well at resorts for around \$25 a week—no more than the rental of a fair apartment. One can have a private cottage on its own lot and raise flowers and vegetables for \$50 or less. For many city dwellers the semi-improved lake frontage they own in Wisconsin is the only real

home they know; the only place where they can walk on the grass, invent gadgets to keep chipmunks out of the chimney and nail up dressing-room partitions in the boathouse.

One adds variations of sport, sophistication or work to that background as one wishes. There are swimming, boating, aquaplaning and fishing; tennis, golf and riding; chopping wood in hip boots or sun-bathing in practically nothing; moonlight saunters through the forest or dancing to a seductive orchestra. There are all the excitements of home in the resort country, but the daily life is different; the very air is different. It's more of a home than home, and if we've had any luck at all in subletting our apartment, we're actually money ahead. . . . Seven hours drive and we're back on Michigan Boulevard.

THE number of Wisconsin's lakes has never been satisfactorily computed. It is roughly eight thousand, and they run in size from Winnebago, the largest fresh-water lake within the borders of any one State, to intimate gems only a quarter-mile or so across. Often they are linked in chains, spreading out along a stream like beads on a string. The writer has traveled a hundred miles through 27 lakes in a motor launch, stopping only once for a windlass hoist.

It would have been much better to have done it, as many do, in a canoe. The lakes have a magical effect on the temperature. Last summer, while newspapers told how 30-year heat records were being shattered, we accumulated callouses chopping wood up on Lake Katherine. We needed it for the fireplace in the evenings, and we wore flannel shirts and sweaters to boot.

Like any good host, Wisconsin lets its guests choose their own pleasures. For instance, the fellow who's apt to raise a row at his country club if the waiters are a little slow with his finger-bowl, seems to enjoy having to drive 30 miles over a corduroy track for supplies all summer. He has a cabin deep in the woods on a little spot of water hidden in virgin timber. He returns

to the city not only with the customary tan, but with toughened hands and body from keeping lonely camp by himself.

Again, there are plenty of summer woodsmen who require more elaborate layouts. They want to be able to climb a wild lake shore to a log club house—primitive enough on the exterior to provide virile snapshots—to change and emerge on the other side on a landscaped golf course, with tennis courts and a landing-field for planes adjoining it.

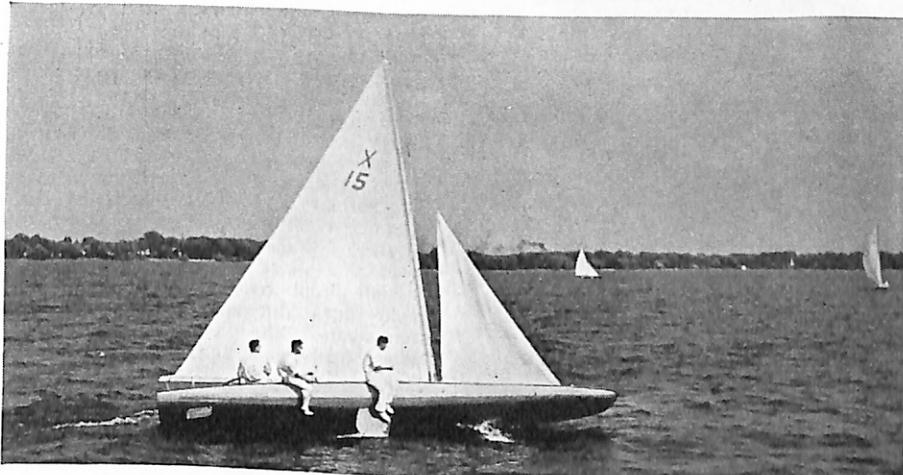
Deer hunting season comes in the late fall, two months or so after the tourist season is over. An estimated 30,000 deer are killed within a week. But all summer long vacationists camera-hunt for many varieties of game, unrestrained by bag limits, reserved areas or other paraphernalia of conservation. One can virtually guarantee the sight of deer along the roadside in the morning or evening in any of the Indian reservations or great forest preserves. Porcupines are almost a pest; rabbits, squirrels and chipmunks definitely are pests. Go berry picking in the vast cut-over areas in September and you are apt to find yourself stripping the bushes in company with a pair of black bear, who rake leaves, berries and all into their mouths and finish with a dessert of beetles. I have been within 50 feet of bear in a berry-patch, and fortunately it was the bear who turned and lumbered off.

Camera-hunting takes on all the proportions of real sport when you go out for the more elusive types of game—the wolves, lynx, coons and fox; the shy beaver, otter and mink; the opossum and the quite indescribable skunk. You may not see all these animals on your first visit, but you'll see many of them. Furthermore, you'll have abundant and memorable glimpses of birds that are really more spectacular—the great blue herons that swoop over the lakes at dusk; the eerie loons, greatest of divers; the owls, kingfishers, wild duck and Canada geese; and, deep in the forest, the bald American eagle.

One can no longer include the Indians in

Right: A typical Wisconsin summer resort on the wooded borders of Pelican Lake, Oneida County. Here is Nature at her friendliest

Below: Sailing on Lake Mendota—one of the four lakes surrounding the State Capitol. Altogether there are some 8,000 lakes in Wisconsin



the State's wild life; in fact, they're so sophisticated that they've learned to look wilder than ever in tourist time. The ceremonial dream-dances go on almost daily in the Odanah, Red Cliff, Couduray and Flambeau reservations and in the Rhinelander Indian village—to the disgust of the older redskins who insist that the medicine dances, at least, should be held in strict privacy. It is well within the memory of living men when these same older redskins were running the forest wild, threatening war. The Minnesota massacre of Civil War days, recalled in MacKinlay Kantor's recent book, "Long Remember," had noticeable repercussions throughout the entire Wisconsin region, and local Indian scares continued on into the Eighties.

Now, however, the aborigines are orthodox only on one point: the firm conviction that work is a bad thing. It is an interesting experience to go through the northern reservations, to see the men squatting near their wigwams smoking or preparing their traps while the women work the fields, and to note the kettle-shaped skin huts in the Flambeau woods. These huts are very similar, according to anthropologists, to the dwellings of nomadic Tartars in the wastes of China.

It is even more interesting, though a trifle more trouble, to see the Indians in an unfettered locale. Find them harvesting wild rice on some shallow lake and you'll see the crudest type of agriculture practised in North America today. If you're lucky you'll also see the Match Hawatuck, a sort of harvest dance performed half through custom and half through superstition during the rice picking. The woods of Forest County are full of Potawatomi. They live unrestricted in isolated log cabins, subsisting partly on Government aid and partly on rudimentary agriculture—trapping, hunting and fishing—and

retaining a surprising tribal organization in spite of their isolation. They are the main surviving group of the once great Iroquois Nation.

THIS is hardly the place for a detailed sport picture of Wisconsin. The many outdoor sports are better visualized than described. One sport, however—the one on which Wisconsin most prides itself—demands some detail. Probably more visitors come to Wisconsin to fish than for any other reason, and if there's anything an angler hates it's a wild goose chase.

Starting with the break-up of the ice in early spring, when men and boys take suckers during the run, Wisconsin fishes until the freeze-up. Youngsters, dropping worms into trout-holes in tiny creeks, may outbag older fly-casters wading against the rough currents of famous rivers. The natives are a fishing race, trolling the lakes for bass and pickerel, bait-casting for pike and charging muskellunge, or sitting on a log boom angling for perch and bullhead. We don't propose to tell any fish stories; suffice it to say that 45-pound muskies, five-pound trout, and 10-pound wall-eyes are as common in the northern resorts as birdie threes in any metropolitan locker room. But the thrill of the birdie three is a mere trifle compared with the breath-taking smash of a hungry muskellunge.

The little forest creeks that criss-cross the lake country are apparently inexhaustible trout lairs. Fry are planted so generously by sportsmen and CCC crews that rainbow, German brown and brook trout may be taken in almost any portion of the State. The State itself maintains three hatcheries, one of them the largest in the world. It is not necessary to patronize the private trout fishing resorts unless one demands the su-

perlative sport afforded there. The excellent brush cover, the relative inaccessibility of many of the springs and headwaters, the rocky, log-strewn beds, make all of the northern streams ideal trout holes.

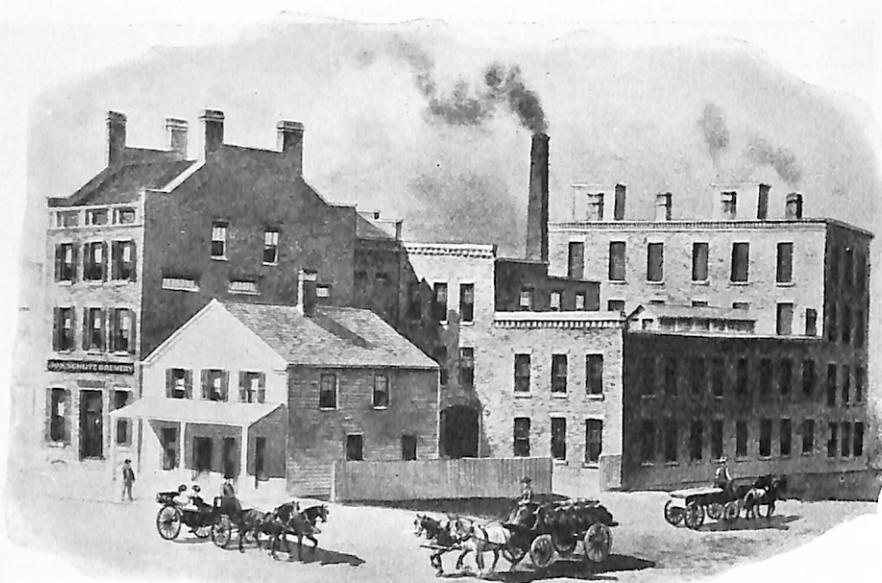
When the natives really rave, however, they're talking about muskellunge. The muskie is the tiger of the northern waters—the largest and most coveted prize of the fresh-water angler. He strikes from the rear and he's wily beyond imagination. He smashes as readily at small lures as large; he employs every trick of mad leaping, boring, rushing, shaking and dead weight pull. Reel him in close to the boat, and bang, he's away with new fury—many times he's loose.

Lacking the size and savagery of the muskellunge, the Wisconsin black bass still offers as great sport as any fresh-water fish. It strikes savagely at surface baits and hits invariably from the side. His vicious strike, his heavy lunging run, and his unique fighting tactics will give any fisherman busy moments. The wall-eyed pike, a consistent day and night feeder best taken with deep baits, is delicious eating and often saves the day when the more temperamental bass and muskies lay low.

The northern pike, often incorrectly called pickerel, runs to 30 or 40 pounds, looks and fights like a muskie, strikes especially hard, and is a splendid fish on the table. Real pickerel, a small fish; perch, blue-gills and sun-fish; crappie and rock bass; catfish, bullheads, white bass, chubs, and shiners—fish for the sportsman, the idle dreamer, the toddling youngster—they're all waiting up under the sky-blue waters. And in four Wisconsin lakes, notably lovely Stone Lake in Forest County, one finds that rare prize, the landlocked salmon or lake trout.

WISCONSIN'S rivers constitute at once a resource and a source of recreation. Her own citizens cross the State to seek them out, drawn by the local reputations built up around them. The Peshtigo, the St. Croix, the Wolf, Flambeau, Copper, Black, the Brule of the northeast where Coolidge fished with worms and the Brule of the upper peninsula border—less accessible but better sport—all lure not only the anglers, but also the canoe trip demons who spend most of their lives looking for rapids to shoot.

Mistress of all the waters is the old Wisconsin herself, legended from source to mouth with tales of the river drive days in the pinnacles—her northern rapids harnessed to power the lumber mills, her southern reaches cutting through the Germanic landscape of the dairy country. Two million head of milk cattle graze the swelling, wooded pastures—the most valuable collection in the Union. Holsteins, Guernseys, Jerseys and Brown Swiss, looking like china figures on the lush



The historic Schlitz Brewery as it appeared in 1850. Milwaukee is the brewing center of the New World

green felt of the horizons, they yield more fluid milk, more condensed and evaporated milk, more cheese, than those of any other state. Wisconsin produces 90% of the brick and Munster cheese, 82% of the Swiss cheese and 66% of the American cheese, of the whole United States—besides some 140,000,000 pounds annually of the world's finest creamery butter.

Most picturesque of Wisconsin's animal husbandry is her fur ranching, a natural development from the relatively recent days when wild trapping was a major industry. Up in the north woods one frequently sees the grouped pens, surrounded by formidable overhung fences and patrolled by dogs, with silver fox huddling on the roofs of their huts. Less seldom is one able to inspect the vast wild ranges where these animals are allowed to run loose through the brush, priming their pelts for the harvest. Among the 300 silver fox farms, with their 20,000 aristocratic charges valued at nine million dollars, is the Fromm ranch, largest in the world, which more than once has sold over a million dollars worth of pelts in one shipment. In addition to these are 600 mink ranches and others devoted to muskrat, beaver, raccoon—and skunk!

Half the State is backwoods, rough, unquelled. Throughout its whole northern half, settlers are busy with clearing and building, rather than perfecting; creating future rather than present comforts. Yet the rich green valleys in the south are of such amazing productivity that, from the totals of the State as a whole, nobody would suspect it of being over half wild. At their driest the figures are mildly spectacular, when compared with the statistics for the United States as a whole:

Wisconsin	United States
Farm Owners (not tenants)	73%
Radio Owners.....	42%
Automobile Owners....	51%
Farm Telephones.....	84%
Farm Electric Lights...	59%
	25%
	13%

Such figures remind one of the proud blurbs in 1929 trade bulletins. They are mainly 1933 figures—the latest available. But in Wisconsin the difference is marvelously small. The Federal-State Service reports drops of but 2% in the number of newspaper subscriptions and telephones between 1929 and the sorriest year, 1932, and even these small decreases are being wiped



Cool, inviting Mason Lake offers both peaceful solitude and excellent fishing

out as farm income continues its accelerating climb.

The variety in the list of manufactured products in which Wisconsin leads all other States is remarkable. She ranks first in the manufacture of all dairy products, of wrapping paper, aluminum manufactures, pea canning, excelsior manufacturing, horse-blankets, fly-nets, dressed flax and hemp, outboard rowboat motors, stationary and portable internal combustion engines, dredging and excavating machinery, ore crushers and stone crushers, bottling and bottle-washing machinery, motor vehicle engines made for sale to automobile factories, automobile frames, and welded pipe!

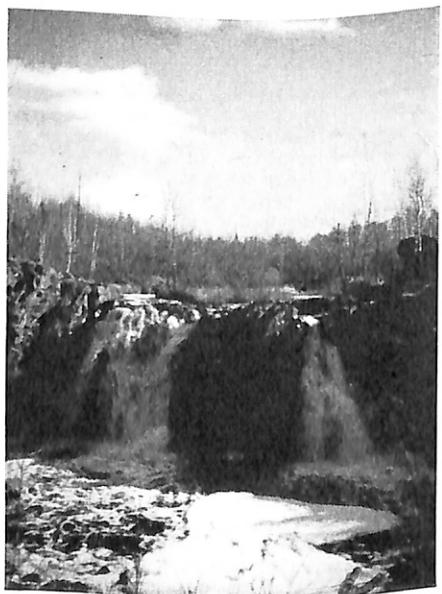
AND even that astonishing list, which demonstrates variety if nothing else, omits many of her more important industries in which she does not rank quite first. With unflagging incongruity this group includes rubber tires and inner tubes, in which she ranks third; brass, bronze, and other non-ferrous metals; furniture, mineral water, batteries, plumbing fixtures, candy, soap, fountain pens, scales, and plows—all lines represented by important and nationally-advertised factories in the State. Its ranks, taken from the 1930 census, do not include beer, but

the position of Milwaukee and Wisconsin in that industry need scarcely be mentioned to a public still engaged in choosing its favorite brand.

To point out but two of the country's most famous breweries in Milwaukee, there are the Schlitz and Pabst plants. Employing thousands of men, giving wholesome and innocent pleasure literally to millions more, these breweries are in many ways unique institutions. The high ethical planes on which they have always been conducted, no less than their fine, pure products, have earned for them and their proprietors the admiration and respect of the entire State. The famous Schlitz Palm Garden, opened in Milwaukee in 1896, was unquestionably the most colorful and successful recreation center of its kind ever inaugurated.

Only one other State surpasses Wisconsin in home ownership. Wisconsin's record of bank failures, despite the perils of pioneer financing in an undeveloped region, is lower than the National average. The State has no bonded indebtedness and no general property tax.

So the land of Nicolet, Marquette and Joliet fulfills its promise and completes its invitation. Every summer, from May until September, the tourists pour into the woods. Every summer many of them discover that no other place can have an equal charm. They settle down from their annual roving, buy cottages and become regular Wisconsin summer vacationists. Every summer some of these cottagers find it too hard to leave when the foliage is flaming in the fall, and become legal residents of the State. It makes little difference what their occupations were. They usually are able to resume them in Wisconsin where most of



Picturesque Little Manitou Falls provides color and beauty to Patterson State Park

America's enterprise is represented, and where most of her resources are exemplified like exhibits in a sample box.

On the twenty-seventh of last February Wisconsin's Governor, Phil F. LaFollette, became an Elk. In celebration of the event, he has broadcasted an invitation to Elks throughout the country to come to the State. But long before Phil LaFollette made it official, this invitation has been extended by blue lakes dancing in the sunshine, by sporty streams and smiling countrysides, by rivers and cliffs and forests—an open invitation to all America that we are only trying to make a little more definite here.

You can take it at its face value; Wisconsin won't let you down!

the meeting was thrown open for general discussion and for reports from the sub-Dist. Chairmen of Inter-Lodge Relations in the four subdivisions of the Dist. The presence of Chairmen Art Imig, Des Plaines; O. A. Hooker, Aurora; Fred T. Ehlert, Harvey, and E. H. Payne, Evanston, was backed by the attendance of some 300 members of Lodges in the District.

*Bede Armstrong, Correspondent,
Waukegan Lodge*

Famous Men Appear in New York Lodge's Minstrel Show

Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, of New York City, and former Governor Alfred E. Smith of the State of New York, have appeared together in blackface for the first time in their public careers. Their debut as a comedy team was made at an amateur minstrel show at the St. James Theatre given by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, of which Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora is E.R. The Mayor and the former Governor acted as interlocutors in a show which was part of a benefit performance given by the Lodge in place of its customary Charity Ball.

Justice Pecora and Judge James Garrett Wallace, P.E.R. of New York Lodge, were end men and Chief Magistrate James E. McDonald, also a P.E.R., had a leading part. The proceeds of the entertainment went to the Charity Fund of the Lodge.

Justice Pecora prevailed upon several of his judicial colleagues and other prominent

members of New York Lodge to throw aside their decorum for the occasion. The membership includes United States Judge Murray Hulbert, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; Supreme Court Justices William T. Collins, Peter Schmuck, Edward J. McGoldrick and Bernard L. Shientag, as well as General Sessions Judges Otto A. Rosalsky, Cornelius F. Collins, Owen W. Bohan, William Allen, John I. Freschi and George L. Donnellan.

Former Governor Charles S. Whitman, George Gordon Battle, former United States Attorneys Charles H. Tuttle and George Z. Medalie are members, in addition to Governor Herbert H. Lehman; U. S. Senators Robert F. Wagner and Royal S. Copeland, Ogden Mills, Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, and Dr. Frederick Robinson, President of City College of New York.

*Mrs. Walter B. Wilson, Wife of
W. Va. State Secy., Succumbs*

Suddenly developing pneumonia after an operation, Mrs. Mary L. Wilson, wife of Walter B. Wilson, Secy. of the W. Va. State Elks Assn., and Secy. of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, died on April 23, at St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington, Ky. She had been seriously ill for about a month.

Mrs. Wilson was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick F. McDonald. She was the mother of two sons and a daughter, and was an active church worker in Clarksburg. As the charming wife of the W. Va. State Elks Assn. Secy., she was well known to Elks in

the Grand Lodge, and especially to Elks throughout the State. News of her demise will come as sad tidings to her many friends.

D.D. Harry C. Smith of Conn., East, Dies

P.E.R. Harry Conklin Smith of Rockville, Conn., Lodge, No. 1359, D.D. for Conn. East, died recently at his home after an illness of two weeks. He was County Commissioner at the time of his death. Mr. Smith was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1873. He entered upon a newspaper career after leaving school, acting as reporter on the *Hartford Courant*, the *Hartford Sunday Globe* and the *Hartford Post*. He was Editor-in-Chief of the *Rockville Leader* for 20 years and for a short period was Editor of the *Rockville Journal*. In later years he was a business associate of his father, and was Pres. of the First Retail Clerks Assn.

Mr. Smith was E.R. of Rockville Lodge for three terms, and was Chairman of the Committee that instituted the Lodge.

*N. W. Ill. Dist. Assn. Meets
at Sterling Lodge*

Seventeen candidates from several Lodges in the District, were initiated into the Order in the Home of Sterling, Ill., Lodge, No. 1218, by the officers of Rockford, Ill., Lodge, No. 64, on the occasion of the Northwest District Meeting of the Ill. State Elks Assn. The session attracted more than 150 Elks from some 15 Lodges in the State.

Mendota Lodge, which may always be counted on to send a large delegation to Elk meetings, was represented by the largest number of visitors from out of town. They came 40 strong, including their Glee Club of 25 voices. The Club favored the meeting with two selections, "All Through the Night" and "Sleep, Kentucky Babe." Dixon Lodge was represented with a delegation of 35 members including Past State Pres. Henry C. Warner, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and State Vice-Pres. Lester C. Street, Pres. of the N.W. Dist. Assn. Rockford Lodge, among its 25 representatives, sent all its officers. They performed the initiatory work in excellent fashion.

Mr. Street conducted the remainder of the program. Among the speakers were Mr. Warner; State Pres. Judge Frank B. Leonard; D.D.'s A. V. Essington and Charles E. Mason, and Frank P. White, Exec. Secy. of the Crippled Children's Clinic of the State Assn.

*William Nixon, Secy.
Dixon Lodge*

*Bellingham, Wash., Lodge
Issues Warning*

Warning, Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, has requested Lodge Secretaries to be on the lookout for and to take up Membership Card No. 2 of that Lodge, dated Feb. 15, and issued to Dwight F. Rose, whose member's number is 907. The Lodge officers state that the card was secured through misrepresentation, and on the request that it be mailed to the Urmey Hotel, Miami, Fla.
Ed. Rothweiler, Secy.

G. Ed. Roth

*William F. Ebeling Loses
Life Membership Card*

William F. Ebeling, of Kansas City, Mo.,
holding Honorary Life Membership in
Martins Ferry, O., Lodge, No. 895, wishes
to notify the Lodges of the Order that his
card is lost, or has been stolen. The card
is paid up to April 1, 1936. Lodges are re-
quested to take up the card if presented.
Mr. Ebeling will appreciate its return to
Secy. Robert G. Hodge, of Martins Ferry
Lodge.

Robert G. Hodge, Secy.

Entry Blank—Elks National Golf Tournament

LODGE No. CITY STATE

ENTRIES	Team	Play	CLASS A	CLASS B	CLASS C	CLASS D
	No Handicap.	Check players to play on team	Handicap 0 to 10	Handicap 11 to 17	Handicap 18 to 24	Handicap 25 Up

Please answer the following questions based on your knowledge of the material covered in this unit.

Cut out and mail to H. J. Kaufman, Chairman, Elks National Golf Committee,
c/o Elks Club, Columbus, Ohio. Please do not fail to bring your membership card.

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central State Lodges

N. E. Ill. Elks Meet at Waukegan Lodge

The largest meeting to date of the Ill. N.E. Dist. Elks was held at the Home of Waukegan Lodge, No. 702, on the occasion of the homecoming visit of D.D. Charles E. Mason. More than 500 Elks, representing every Lodge in the District, were present.

A class of 18 candidates was inducted into the Order, the initiatory work being performed by P.E.R.'s of Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295. In recognition of Mr. Mason's efforts to promote the Grand Exalted Ruler's Youth Program, the Lodge made a special effort to obtain applications from sons of present members. Seven of these were initiated in the Class, among them being Charles M. Mason, son of the District Deputy.

Among the visiting dignitaries who spoke were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Henry C. Warner, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Judge Frank B. Leonard, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn.; Jack Owen, State Secy.; Harry P. Miller and H. C. Hardy, State Vice-Pres.'s, and Justin F. McCarthy, P.E.R. of Chicago Lodge, No. 4.

P.E.R.'s of Waukegan Lodge acted as escort to Mr. Mason, and presented him with an elaborate bouquet of flowers. Waukegan Lodge gave him a diamond studded Elk emblem. Previous to the meeting a banquet was served in the Lodge Home with 120 members present. After the meeting refreshments were served and a social session took place.

Bede Armstrong, Correspondent

63 Candidates Initiated at Willmar, Minn., Lodge

In the observance of its 30th Anniversary, Willmar, Minn., Lodge, No. 952, initiated a class of 63 candidates, in addition to taking in several former members whose memberships had lapsed. At the conclusion of the first degree work, staged in the afternoon, a banquet was held at the Lakeland Hotel attended by 200 Elks. In the evening the second degree work was carried out in the Lodge room.

The Class was named in honor of the veteran Secy. of the Lodge, William O. Johnson, who has served continuously since its institution. The success of the Class is largely due to the efforts of E.R. E. J. Boomer, whose efficient leadership has done much to create the excellent condition in which Willmar Lodge finds itself.

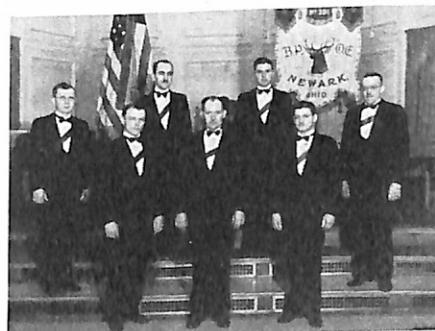
Tom Carter, Correspondent



Prominent Elks breaking ground for the new Home of Newton, Kans., Lodge. Among those pictured are Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight H. Glenn Boyd, D. D. Dr. F. M. Brown, Kansas State Secretary L. F. Goerman, E. R. Ray Ballard and Walter Brown, E. R. of Hutchinson, Kans., Lodge

Hinkle C. Hays Speaks at Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge

Newly initiated members of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 483, were entertained at a banquet held recently in their honor in the Lodge Home. Hinkle C. Hays, of



The Ritualistic Team of Newark, O., Lodge which topped five other contesting teams for the Ohio State Championship

Sullivan, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, was the principal speaker. E.R. James P. Flint introduced speaker. Walter W. Spencer as Toastmaster, while visiting Elks were introduced by D.D. Ollie M. Berry. All the members who have been pre-initiated into the Lodge this year were presented to the assemblage. Members of the

Program Committee were Benjamin H. Myers, Chairman, P.E.R. Arnett R. Groves, Glen D. Hayworth and Patrick A. Pennefeather.

During the course of the evening a female sextette—the "Six Singers"—rendered several selections. "Before Us Lies America" was the topic of Mr. Hays' address. He spoke of the pleasure he felt on coming to Crawfordsville, the home of Wabash College, from which he graduated with the Class of 1912, and which is now attended by his two sons and a nephew.

Des Plaines, Ill., Elks Accompany D. D. on Visits

Under the leadership of E.R. Franz A. Koehler, Elks of Des Plaines Lodge, No. 1526, have accompanied D.D. Charles E. Mason on all of his 17 visits to the Lodges of the N.E. Dist of Ill. There was a splendid turnout of the members at the homecoming party held in Mr. Mason's honor, upon the completion of his long list of visits, by Waukegan Lodge, No. 702, of which the District Deputy is a P.E.R. The Elks Band of Des Plaines Lodge recently received the plaudits of the City after presenting one of its concerts at the Des Plaines Theatre.

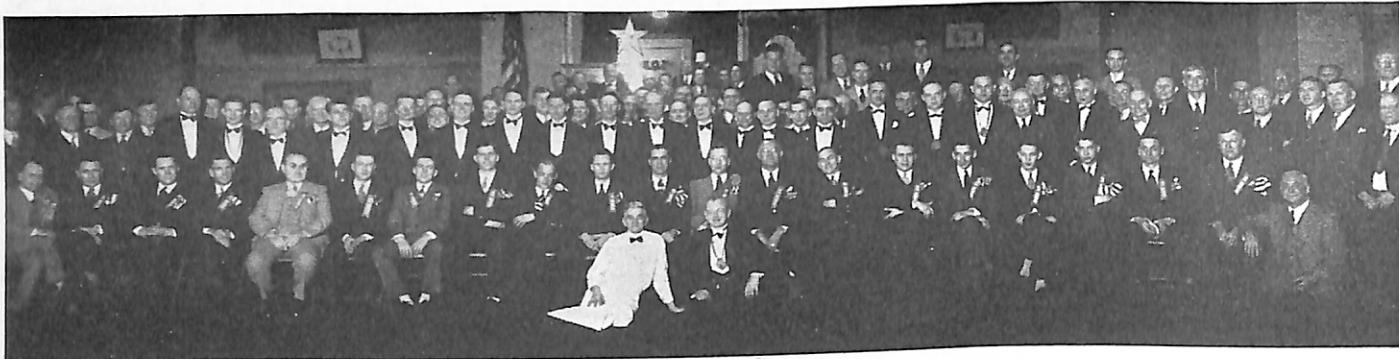
Walter Morava, Correspondent

Atlantic, Ia., Lodge Entertained by Omaha Elks Glee Club

Atlantic, Ia., Lodge, No. 445, was recently visited by a delegation of members from Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, including the Lodge Glee Club of 24 voices. Headed by William Raab, Chairman of the Visiting Committee of No. 39, the delegation entered the Lodge Home singing "Omaha" as the meeting opened. They also sang in pleasing harmony and volume during the initiation of a class of candidates. Walter Munson, Director of the Glee Club, led a double quartet in rendering special selections toward the close of the meeting and at the social session which took place afterward.

The attractive home of Denison, Tex., Lodge. From a small group of 60 members this Lodge's membership has grown to 225 in the past three years, even in a city of 15,000 population

W. P. Lebrecht



Members of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge at a meeting which saw the initiation of 20 candidates. In the past year Battle Creek Lodge initiated 73 and reinstated 24, netting a membership gain of 68 men

Mankato, Minn., Lodge Observes Home-Building Anniversary

Members of Mankato, Minn., Lodge, No. 225, concluded a prolonged celebration of the 25th Anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the Lodge Home, with a banquet. The observance of the occasion opened with the initiation of 21 candidates into the Lodge, followed by a Grand Ball at a later date. The Ball attracted 100 Elks, including Grand Lodge members, officials of the State Elks Assn., the Lodge officers, many prominent local Elks and their ladies. The event opened with a Grand March led by E.R. F. A. Schultz.

A feature of the banquet program was the burning of the last two notes signifying the Lodge's financial obligations. Past State Pres. John E. Regan was Toastmaster, introducing a long list of speakers. The principal address of the evening was made by Past State Pres. W. C. Robertson, Postmaster of Minneapolis, and former member of several Grand Lodge Committees.

Lincoln, Neb., Lodge Honors Its Two "First E.R.'s"

At a recent meeting of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80, Honorary Life Memberships were presented to Frank C. Zehrung and Henry H. Wilson, its two "first E.R.'s." The seeming impossibility of a Lodge having two first E.R.'s can be explained. Lincoln Lodge was originally organized in 1888, electing Mr. Zehrung to leadership at that time. Some years later the Lodge ran into difficulties and surrendered its charter. In 1900 it was reorganized under the same charter and Mr. Wilson was elected its second "first" Exalted Ruler.

Both Elks are past their 70th year and both are locally prominent. Mr. Zehrung was four times Mayor of Lincoln and is one of the most important figures in the community. Mr. Wilson is a recognized authority in law circles, being a former Pres. of the Nebraska Bar Assn. and Dean of the Law College at the University of Nebraska.

General John J. Pershing was present at the meeting and gave an informal but highly interesting talk. Gen. Pershing holds an Honorary Life Membership in Lincoln Lodge.

A. C. Bintz, E.R.

New Albany, Ind., Lodge Aids Salvation Army

Responding to a plea from the Salvation Army, New Albany, Ind., Lodge, No. 270, recently took upon itself the responsibility of raising funds sufficient to enable that organization to continue its local work

A large class of candidates recently initiated into Hobart, Okla., Lodge, in honor of Exalted Ruler C. R. Harter

Ransom Studio

which had lately been threatened with cessation after nearly half a century of uninterrupted service.

According to a letter sent the Lodge by Capt. Fred Summers, the Salvation Army had been unable to pay rent for five months, its charity work was far in arrears, and it was without funds to continue serving free lunches to school children from many destitute families. Called together by P.E.R. M. C. Thornton, who served as General Chairman of the undertaking, the Elks named a committee and proceeded to raise funds. A year and a half ago the Lodge successfully undertook a similar project when the Cornelius Memorial Orphans' Home was faced with the probability of closing.

S. L. Wright, Sr., Secy.

P.E.R. Gallagher Initiates Son into Oelwein, Ia., Lodge

At a recent meeting of Oelwein, Ia., Lodge, No. 741, P.E.R. John J. Gallagher presided over a meeting at which four new members were initiated, among them being his son, Dr. J. P. Gallagher. Mr. Gallagher, who was an Elk before Oelwein Lodge was instituted, has served the Lodge in almost every capacity.

G. G. Ward, Secy.

News of Superior, Wis., Lodge

On the Saturday before Easter, a Committee from Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, visited the Superior Children's Home and St. Joseph's Orphanage and presented 170 children with Easter baskets. The Committee was entertained by the children at St. Joseph's with a program of music and songs.

On Easter Monday the Lodge arranged an Easter program of music and song for 250 persons at the Douglass County Old Folks Home. The affair was held under the leadership of A. W. Holland, Chairman of the Committee in charge. Mr. Holland, who is

a member of the Crippled Children's Commission of Wisconsin, announces that Superior Lodge will aid materially in a crippled children's clinic to be held in Superior. The date was tentatively set for June 28.

Chillicothe, O., Lodge Has Housewarming

More than 250 members of Chillicothe, O., Lodge, No. 52, enjoyed a housewarming at their Lodge Home recently, observing the opening of remodeled, redecorated and refurnished quarters. A supper was served on the balcony of the hall. A social session was enjoyed afterward with games and other diversions. Among the visitors attending the housewarming were D.D.'s C. A. Dobbins and Kent Browning.

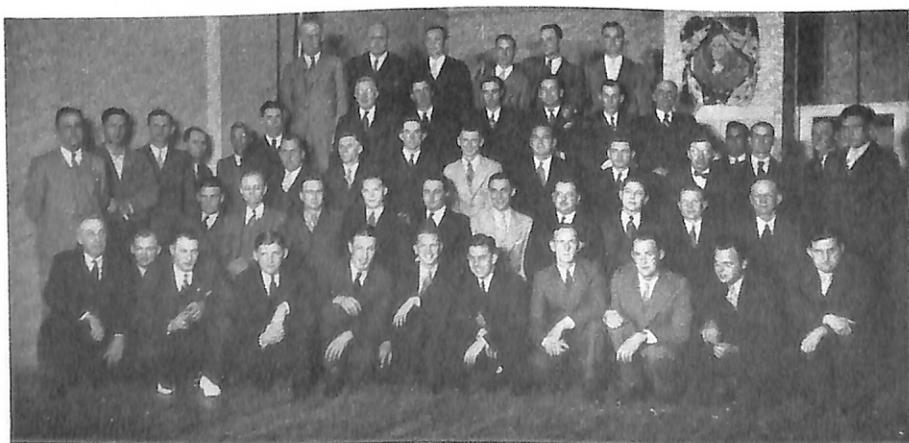
Changes have been made both downstairs and upstairs—all of them in excellent taste. New furnishings have been installed and several small rooms upstairs have been converted into one large light and airy room.

William Greenbaum, Secy.

Hobart, Okla., Lodge Initiates Large Class

Hobart, Okla., Lodge, No. 881, recently initiated a class of 49 candidates named in honor of E.R. C. R. Harter. It is because of Mr. Harter's sustained and tireless efforts that the class was made possible.

During the past few years the depression had reduced the membership of Hobart Lodge alarmingly. The roster of members fell from 150 to 35. Under the leadership of Mr. Harter, the Lodge is now back to 140 members. The Exalted Ruler worked at the problem constantly, securing new members and bringing old ones back into the fold. During the past year he has been ably assisted by State Pres. George M. McLean, of El Reno Lodge. Besides working for his own Lodge, Mr. Harter had visited and appeared on various programs for Mangum, Altus and other Lodges in Western Oklahoma.





R. J. Gusenberry

A large group of Jackson, Mich., Lodge members at a meeting during which 28 candidates were initiated. The meeting was in honor of P.E.R. Edw. H. Howell, who holds Membership Card No. 1

Yankton, S. D., Lodge Conducts Ping Pong Tournament

Yankton, S.D., Lodge, No. 994, recently sponsored an Elks Ping Pong Tournament with 45 entries. Two regulation tables were set up in the basement of the Home. They are now regularly equipped and in daily use. Dr. D. E. Wynegar, Organist of the Lodge, is Chairman of the Committee, and to him in a large measure goes credit for the success of the venture. Much interest was aroused during the tourney, which lasted two weeks, the finals being attended by a large gallery of enthusiastic fans.

The finals involved winning four out of seven sets, the matches leading up to the finals being three sets out of five. The finals were played between W. D. Alf and Chester R. Binder, the former winning four to two. A silver loving cup was presented to Mr. Alf. The event is to be made an annual one on the Lodge's calendar.

Secy. L. A. Reither, Correspondent

Class Initiated, Officers Installed, by Tiffin, O., Antlers

Shortly after the election of officers in the Tiffin, O., Lodge of Antlers, the installation ceremonies were performed along with the initiation of a class of five candidates. P.D.D. Charles J. Schmidt officiated as presiding officer. P.E.R. Paul A. Flynn of Tiffin Lodge, No. 94, was the principal speaker of the evening. Jack Hill, Est. Lead. Knight, acted as Guide for the installation work. The exemplification of the Ritual of initiation was splendidly performed by the retiring officers of the Antlers Lodge.

The Tiffin Antlers have closed a year successful socially, financially and fraternally. The membership has more than doubled, and is composed of fine, whole-hearted boys who are sincerely interested in the welfare of their organization. Their Mother's Day program was in process of arrangement at the time this item was received. The day stands over every other observance of the Lodge.

Charles William Schmidt, P.E.A.

"American Night" Observed by Galveston, Tex., Lodge

Galveston, Texas, Lodge, No. 126, recently observed "American Night" in a striking and unusual manner, dedicating the evening to United States Citizenship and to those members of the Lodge who were born abroad. Of these there are 44 men, representing England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, the Guernsey Islands, Austria, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Jugoslavia, Norway, Spain, Italy, Switzerland and Turkey.

The ceremony consisted of the presentation of the flag of each nation represented at the meeting to the accompaniment of the national anthem of each. The Lodge's Troop of Boy Scouts acted as flag bearers. P.D.D. W. A. James, a P.E.R. of Galveston Lodge, presided. Two addresses were made, one by Rabbi Henry Cohen, a native of London, and another by P.E.R. A. L. Perkins. Dr. Cohen reviewed the contributions made by foreign countries represented in the membership to the progress and development of the United States. Mr. Perkins' address dealt with the United States from the viewpoint of the native American.

The program, which was open to the public and largely attended, was inaugurated by a special prayer by the Chaplain of the Lodge, the Rev. D. P. O'Connell, and closed with the Elks' pledge to the flag and a special benediction by the Chaplain.

*A. V. Tate, E.R.
A. L. Perkins, P.E.R.*

Valparaiso Lodge Visited by Gary, Ind., Elks

More than 120 members of Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, journeyed to Valparaiso, Ind., to attend an initiatory meeting and watch the work of Ritual performed on a class of candidates who were inducted into Valparaiso Lodge, No. 500. The Gary Elks Band, a 45-piece organization, made up part of the visiting delegation, enlivening the evening with its music. The meeting was

one of the most enjoyable inter-Lodge events ever experienced by the two fraternal bodies. The initiatory work was exemplified by members of Gary Lodge.

*V. E. Thorsson, Secy.
Gary Lodge*

Morgan City, La., Lodge Shows Growth in Membership

A large gathering of members of Morgan City, La., Lodge, No. 1121, assembled for a meeting recently when six new members were received into the Lodge. A preceding class consisted of 12 candidates. The growth of the Morgan City membership, following the long period of stagnation during the depression, reflects credit on the activity of the members and the officers who served faithfully throughout the year. The six candidates were inducted into the Order by P.E.R.'s of the Lodge. Refreshments were served after the close of the ritualistic work.

The introduction of outdoor sports into Morgan City Lodge has been arranged, and a program proposed by the officers to cooperate with the Boy Scout movement. Meanwhile the Elks Gun and Chef Club, which furnished a duck supper to the membership during the hunting season, has called upon the Rod and Reel Club to reciprocate, and a big fish fry was eagerly anticipated at the time this item was written.

Thirty-Fifth Anniversary Observed by Nelsonville, O., Lodge

Nelsonville, O., Lodge, No. 543, observed the 35th Anniversary of its institution at a special ceremony which opened with a banquet. Lieut.-Gov. Harold Mosier headed the speaking program. Later the mortgage on the Lodge Home was burned to indicate that the Lodge is out of debt.

P.E.R. Oral Daugherty introduced the Toastmaster, Senator L. J. Eberle, also a P.E.R. Of special interest were talks by six of the eight charter members who participated in the institution of the Lodge. Other speakers were E.R. Roy Shirley of Athens, O., Lodge, and Col. C. W. Wallace, Secy. of Columbus, O., Lodge and Chairman on Arrangements for the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Columbus next month. P.E.R. John B. Cross of Athens Lodge and William J. Davis of New Straitsville, obliged with songs. The mortgage was burned in an impressive ceremony by E.R. Howard Warner of Nelsonville, O., Lodge.

The officers of Lorain, O., Lodge and a group of State Association officials pictured with a class of 44 candidates, initiated into the Lodge in honor of State President W. G. Campbell

Rudy Moe Studio





Members of Marion, O., Lodge and their wives and lady friends, who were entertained at a frog leg dinner in the Lodge Home

D.D. Mason Welcomed Home by Waukegan, Ill., Lodge

On the night of the official visit of D.D. Charles E. Mason, of Ill., N.E., to his home Lodge, Waukegan, Ill., No. 702, he was tendered a banquet by more than 100 members and visitors from all sections of the District.

After the banquet the Lodge meeting was held and a class of 17 candidates inducted into the Order. The principal speeches of the evening were made by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Frank P. White, Exec. Secy. of the Crippled Children's Clinic, and John S. Owen, Secy. of the Illinois State Elks Assn. Brief remarks were made by the E.R.'s of Evanston, Highland Park, Lake Forest, Woodstock, Oak Park, Des Plaines, Elgin and Chicago Lodges. P.E.R. Judge Martin C. Decker of Waukegan Lodge, and Sidney Block, a fellow member of the Bar, also spoke.

Bede Armstrong, Correspondent

Henry C. Warner Appointed to State Commission

Past State Pres. Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was recently appointed to a State Commission to promote the care of handicapped children. The appointment was made by Governor Henry Horner of the State of Illinois. Mr. Warner, who is Chairman of the Lee County Republican Central Committee, is Vice-Chairman of the Crippled Children's Clinic of the Ill. State Elks Assn. It was in recognition of his services with the Clinic that he was appointed to the State Commission.

Uhrichsville, O., Lodge Initiates 19

With the Degree Team of Newcomerstown, O., Lodge, No. 1555—Ohio State Champions for two successive terms—exemplifying the Ritual, 19 candidates were

recently initiated into Uhrichsville, O., Lodge, No. 424. More than 150 Elks were in attendance, among them being D.D. Ralph W. Scott and P.D.D. A. C. Andreas.

A featured event of the meeting was the award of a Life Membership, for meritorious service, to P.E.R. Albert Schwartz, Trustee. Mr. Schwartz has been extremely active in the affairs of the Lodge for the past several years.

F. R. Patterson, Secy.

Scout Certificates of Honor Awarded by Los Angeles Lodge

An annual event was recently inaugurated by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, which, it is felt, will prove of interest to other Lodges of the Order. Six hundred and fifty Veteran Boy Scouts and Veteran adult Scouters were honored by Los Angeles Lodge when E.R. Louis J. Euler presented them with Certificates of Honor for their faithful service in the Boy Scouts of America for five or more years, and in appreciation of the service and contributions of the Boy Scouts of America to the development of American youth. The Veteran Scouts are boys and the Veteran Scouters adults. They were accompanied by their fathers, Scout Masters of some 400 Troops, and the official family of the Boy Scouts of the district.

An interesting program was arranged, including prominent speakers, a 100-piece Boy Scout band, a concert by the Elks "99" Chanter, a vaudeville show and a luncheon. The program was in cooperation with the youth movement inaugurated by Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, but the plan to make annual Veteran Scout awards originated with Los Angeles Lodge.

A splendid three-fold endeavor is opened up with such a movement. The annual presentation of Certificates of Honor, and the interest displayed by the Elks, will be of material aid to the Scout organization in holding the boys for five years. Also under this plan the Veteran Scouts, Scouters, Scout Masters, and the fathers of the boys have the opportunity of visiting the Elks Lodge



Cast of the Elks musical minstrel show given by Kansas City, Mo., Lodge recently

Lincoln, Ill., Lodge Wins Dist. Ritualistic Contest

The officers of Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, competing with other E. Cent. Lodges in the Dist. ritualistic contest, won the competition. The Lincoln Team scored 98.22 for first place, and its victory made it eligible to compete in the State Contest scheduled for May 26 at Decatur. Other teams entered were from the Lodges of Kankakee, Clinton, Pontiac, La Salle and Streator.

M. H. Reed, Secy.,
Streator Lodge

Below: P. E. R.'s Night banquet at Fostoria, O., Lodge



and learning what both Elks and Antlers are doing. And too, at an impressionable age, the Scouts receive a favorable opinion of the Order. No better prospective timber for future Elks exists than these boys who have had five years' training as Boy Scouts.

The youngest of the Veteran Scouts are 17 years of age and the oldest 21, presenting a fertile field for membership in Antlers Lodges. Los Angeles Lodge is sponsoring a Boy Scout Troop which will act as a feeder for its Antlers Lodge and finally as a feeder to No. 99 itself. The Veteran Scouters, adults, are themselves outstanding, patriotic men who have given their time and leadership to Boy Scout work for five years or more, and who are experienced in organization and citizenship work. Los Angeles Lodge feels that the New Membership Committee of any Elk Lodge could not ask for better prospects.

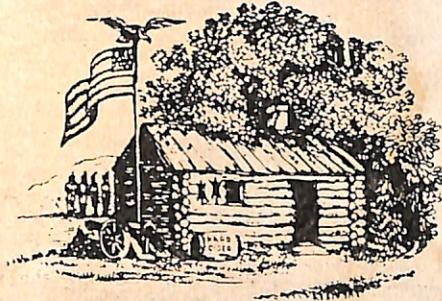
This idea has been developed by Robert R. Stenz, Chairman of the Antlers Advisory Council of No. 99, with the assistance of E.R. Euler and Grand Exalted Ruler of C. Fenton Nichols, Chairman of the Antlers Council of the Grand Lodge, 405 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Any Lodge interested in the plan can secure full particulars from C. Fenton Nichols, Chairman of the Antlers Council of the Grand Lodge, 405 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.

H. Dyott, Correspondent



Notes On A Noble Nip



Washington was a village
Pittsburgh a trading post
Chicago a stockade
Denver a forest
When Abraham Overholt
Of Broad Ford, Pa.
Put plump grains
And sweet hill water
Into a mortar
Pestled his mash
And distilled his first gallon
Of Old Overholt
Straight rye whiskey



Patrons and planters
Presidents and princes
Relished this flavoring grog

And so will you
These 125 years later

For good Old Overholt
Has nature's flavor
In it
The honest fragrance
Of grain fields
And the faintest heady hint
Of fresh oak staves
Charred over cooper fires



Try a bottle
It's 4 years old
Straight
Bottled in bond
And as your palate will testify
Grand!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A. Overholt & Co., Inc.

OLD OVERHOLT

BOTTLED IN BOND

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION



Suppressed Desires

(Continued from page 19)

assorted trio in helpless fury. Coddington knew the strained situation at home well enough. Now he'd played directly into the fellow's hand. This was blackmail, nothing less! But what could he do about it? If Noreen ever found out that he was sneaking off here in the woods at his age to practice saxophone playing—!

Gloomily he packed up his precious instrument and headed at sixty miles an hour for the one place where he could do as he liked. At home he was nothing but a meal ticket. But at the works he was still a man.

The mental transition was not complete, however, until he had topped the last ribbon-like hill and sighted the distant plant sprawled out on the prairie.

Its huge overhead sign always braced him like a tonic. He could read it half a mile away, its black seven-foot letters sharp against the horizon—WHO FURNISHED THE BRICK?—FLANNIGAN!

Beneath that slogan he knew every employee's nickname. They respected him. They jumped at the crook of his finger, and liked it.

THUS it had been through booms and depressions ever since he and Michael Brested, Dane's father, had launched their small brick-yard in the same spot a quarter of a century before; the year he had married a slender, black-haired nurse named Nora Downey. And they had worked for success together, he and Nora. How was he to know that success would finally wedge them apart until not even her own name was good enough for her now? *Noreen!* Ah, well—

Turning his roadster over to old Flynn for an extra polish, he waved brusque greetings to the main office force and disappeared into a small but luxurious room adjoining.

This was part of the original plant preserved by Mr. Flannigan for sentimental reasons. Here, seated at his mahogany desk beneath the elder Brested's framed image, he was king.

Indeed, he reminded one of some doughty old Fenian ruler, slightly modernized, as he lighted another perfecto, buzzed for his confidential secretary and plunged eagerly into affairs of state.

Bricks—bricks—bricks. Every phase of the industry from kilns to codes. And, throughout, it was clear that Dane Brested's grasp of details was a solid comfort to Mr. Flannigan. Their relationship was peculiarly close. In a sense, Dane replaced his own son—the little boy of long ago whom he and Nora had been allowed to keep for so short a time.

He had watched financial disaster temper this other hot-headed youngster into a wiry, lovable youth; impulsive yet steady-eyed, like his father before him. Watched him work his way through two years at the University. Given him his first real job—loading bricks. Taken him into his home. Treated him, outside of working hours, like one of the family. Chuckled quietly over the romance which flowered under his eyes until Noreen stepped in with her new ideas. And there had been little that Mr. Flannigan could do then, since by that time he had become almost as negligible in the Flannigan ménage as Dane himself.

But, if their common ostracism helped draw these two together in almost a father-and-son relationship, no sentiment was visible on a day like this. Bricks were bricks.

"Mind you quit pestering me with Carlson's demurrage claim again 'till I've this Government bid settled," he blustered. "With the Huddleton crowd coming in, there's

trouble enough—"

"Steady, Chief, I settled it myself," said Dane.

"And who are you to do a thing like that?"

"You told me to look into it, didn't you?"

"Eh? What did you find?"

"Our fault this time. Jimmie made a mistake."

"Jimmie again? Except for his mother, I'd fire the blockhead for good. Well, then, have Hobbs make out a check for me to sign, and done with it."

"I did."

"*You* did!"

"Only square thing for us to do, isn't it?"

Mr. Flannigan discovered the check beneath his nose, signed it with an angry flourish and glanced up at the freckled young man standing at his elbow.

Suddenly his face softened.

"You're getting more like your father than poor Michael himself," he observed.

A quick smile passed between them and vanished.

Mr. Flannigan's arm swept his desk. "Now, then, bring me the Government file, shut that door and sit down. . . Listen, I've a mind to shave our figure to the bone, with Huddleton coming in at the last minute like a thief in the night."

"Yes, sir. Only, you said something about doing it this evening."

A CLOUD passed across Mr. Flannigan's face. Mopping his neck, he mentioned, casually,

"Betty has some silly affair at the house, I find. 'Suppressed Desires,' they call it. A party—like."

"I heard about it." The way Dane's mouth tightened drove all business from his employer's mind.

"'Tis a shame their leaving you out of it, lad!" he blurted, hotly. "A damnable shame!"

"That's all right. I wouldn't have come, anyhow. Not after Betty and I—after what happened."

"And what was that?" growled Mr. Flannigan, swinging around to the window and studying a laborer wheeling a barrow across the yard. "Nothing—nothing at all. 'Twas only the stubborn blood in the pair of you. If my wife hadn't—not that she meant a thing by it, y'understand, only—" He swallowed painfully.

"Let's get on with that bid," said Dane.

Mr. Flannigan swung back with a curt, "Bring me the file, then."

It was five-fifteen and the outer office was empty when the two straightened up from their endless checking and re-checking. Never had Mr. Flannigan figured a job more carefully. It would be a life-saver for his men the rest of the summer. He'd even be able to take on some of the local unemployed who clustered around the yard gate daily. Profit or no profit, he was determined to land this job.

"Now for your hunch," said Dane. "Want me to wait outside?"

Mr. Flannigan's hunches in determining a final bid were an institution. They involved a few minutes of trance-like concentration during which he balanced all those intangible factors which cold figures never showed. The net result was a guess, but a pretty shrewd one, as to how much he could safely bid above costs and still slip under the other fellow's estimate. These hunches of his were known and feared throughout the industry.

"I've got it!" he yelled jubilantly ten minutes later, and opened the door to the

main office where Dane sat waiting patiently to insert the vital figure into the bulky, typewritten proposal. "Faith, if the Huddleton crowd caught wind of what I'm bidding, they'd take the job at any loss to lick us. Ready? Then type in—"

"Mr. Flannigan—wait! There's something I ought to say first," Dane cut in, jerkily. "Eh?"

"I'm—I'm quitting."

Mr. Flannigan's face seemed to age ten years in as many seconds. His great hands lay on the desk before him, opening and closing.

"You're quitting?" he repeated slowly, in a dead tone.

"There's a chance with Huddleton in their St. Louis office and I thought, maybe—My Gosh, Chief, what else can I do? I can't stay around here letting you push me ahead—after Betty and I—you understand, don't you?"

"With Huddleton, you say?"

Dane nodded, miserably. "That's why you might not want me to know what figure you've decided on."

The older man's eyes contracted to quizzical slits. He caught the point. Scores of struggling families depended on his getting this big Government work. He realized that any leak at the last moment—even an unintentional one—would ruin his chances and theirs. Such things happened. Had he any right to risk it?

He hesitated, scanning the face of the young man on whom he had built such high hope. Suddenly he cleared his throat and spoke with unusual sharpness:

"Do as I say, now. Write down, '*Seventy-eight Thousand, Six Hundred Dollars.*' Then seal the envelope and lock it in the safe 'till tomorrow—and devil take the Huddleton outfit if they can beat it!"

Mr. Flannigan's grim visage, crowned by a Hottentot wig, added little to the discreet gaiety of a stifling evening. More than age and self-consciousness set him apart. True, the flower of the Country Club set there represented was not confined to debutante hula girls dancing to Florino's famous imported quintette, nor to swaggering young explorers employed, if at all, by millionaire papas. On the contrary, there was quite a sprinkling of his own contemporaries—the Harringtons, Chesters, Sibleys. And, of course, that ageless idiot, Blake, would be along any minute now—in some outlandish make-up, no doubt.

YET Mr. Flannigan stood alone, his thoughts a thousand miles from this kaleidoscope of glittering veneer. Not that he blamed Dane so much for wanting to clear out. He would have done the same. But for weeks he had been hoping that something would happen to bring the two young people to their senses again. And now—

A fresh wave of polite laughter drew his attention to the opposite end of the long room and his eyes stuck out at what he saw.

Blake coming toward him. Blake, in a red bathing suit, fur cap, overshoes, mittens—and a hot water bottle suspended jauntily beneath his Adam's apple.

A moment later he was wringing Mr. Flannigan's hand and scrutinizing the wig critically.

"Splendid, sir. Most clever. Most clever, indeed!"

"'Tis not my idea of suppressed desires," his host apologized, with a grimace. "But what th'—what, may I ask—?"

"Oh, this?" Blake regarded his own knobby knees with mild amusement. "I'm supposed to be a member of the Polar Bears.

You know, the youngsters who go swimming in winter. And even a shower at the Club knocks the breath out of me," he laughed. "But Coddington suggested it."

"He would."

Their eyes met. For an instant Mr. Flannigan felt strangely drawn toward the little man.

"What d'y' make of Coddington, Mr. Blake?" he asked.

"Coddington?" Blake paused as if embarrassed. "Why—er, rather shrewd chap, I'd say. Yes, most original. But of course," he smiled, "I don't have to tell you—Ah, here he comes now. As an aviator. And isn't that your Betty with him—in the Red Cross uniform? Stunning couple, eh?"

Mr. Flannigan whirled in time to see his daughter glide past, held crushingly in Coddington's arms. Her red lips were parted in excitement, and there was an unnatural recklessness in her face; a devil-may-care expression which her father had observed more than once since Noreen began pushing her into the whirlpool. Certainly she was no longer the unsophisticated youngster that she had been when Dane came to the house.

A sly nudge brought Mr. Flannigan back.

"In fact, according to the nineteenth hole," Blake was saying, with a wink, "I expect you'll be making the usual announcement most any day, eh, Flannigan? Or is this 'Suppressed Desires' affair enough of a hint?"

The remark hit him like one of his own bricks.

So that was what they were saying in the locker rooms! What did these gossiping imbeciles know about suppressed desires, anyhow—with a fine, straight-forward lad like Dane Brested eating his heart out for the girl he loved? All sham, the lot of 'em!

Suddenly the idea seized him of quitting the whole silly show, throwing his wig away, and driving out through the cool country to the works where he belonged. There at least he could sit down in peace and think through to the bottom of things.

Fifteen minutes later the night watchman at the works swung open its heavy gate with a surprised,

"Working again t'night, sor?"

"Hello, Paddy. Everything quiet?"

"Sure, a cemetery would be a biler factory beside it, sor—baring a half dozen of the old boys a bit noisy after jobs when I first come on duty."

"We'll soon be taking care of them again if all goes well. How's the wife's lumbago?"

In the moonlight, Paddy's face dropped a yard. "Bad, sor. And no one to rub on the liniment at night, there's the pity."

"Go on home for an hour, then. I'll be in the office that long."

"Yer a grand man, Mister Flannigan!" the other burst out, and left on a dog trot for his cottage a quarter mile down the lonely road.

Driving in through the gate, Mr. Flannigan circled the brick office building and pulled up at a rear door that opened directly into his own inner sanctum. Then, with a new thought, he fumbled for the leather case and music book, let himself in and, groping across the room, switched on his green-hooded desk lamp.

The saxophone finally assembled, he was in the act of putting the mouthpiece to his

lips when he stiffened alertly and laid the instrument down gently on the desk.

A car was coming through the works gate, evidently left open in Paddy's hurry to get away.

Suddenly a voice reached him. Dane's.

"Well, gentlemen, we may as well wait for him inside."

Instinctively, Mr. Flannigan switched off the desk lamp.



"Arnold didn't spend his vacation on a ranch for nothing!"

"No, he didn't," the other replied, with an easy laugh. "Coddington fixed that."

"Coddington? Ellsworth Coddington?"

"Sure. Coddington's a good friend of yours, whether you think so or not. Always wanted to square himself for the way his old man treated your mother. Something about a stock deal, wasn't it? So now's his chance."

"I don't understand."

"Lots of things you don't understand about big business, my boy. F'rinstance, how easy it would be for a confidential secretary like yourself to pocket a grand—a cool thousand, and nobody the wiser. Not even Huddleton himself."

"What's Huddleton got to do with it?"

"Nothing, personally. But some of his crowd would give their right fists to edge you folks out of this new Government job, you folks out of this new Government job, you wouldn't they? And, if they happened to find out Flannigan's bid in time—see?"

"Yeah, I see."

"Good. So here's where Coddington does you a real favor. Providing, of course, you care to come across with the dope."

In the dark silence of his small office, Mr. Flannigan held his breath.

"Let's get this straight," said Dane at last, so businesslike that the old man behind the partition barely checked a groan. "You mean all I've got to do is slip you our figure, then, if Coddington can sell it to Huddleton—"

"No 'ifs' about it. Coddington's an old hand at this game. He won't go to Huddleton at all. Just tips off a friend in the auditor's office. Later, when they find you

played square with 'em, a boy hands you a check charged to 'Special Service Account,' and everything regular. See?"

"Looks easy." Dane's excited laugh over the simplicity of the thing cut through to his employer's soul. It was as if a rock foundation had crumbled to dust. "Well, here you are, then."

But it wasn't the sound of "Seventy-eight Thousand, Six Hundred Dollars" which fell upon Mr. Flannigan's straining ear. It was the unmistakable impact of a fist on living flesh.

Suddenly the quiet main office became a pandemonium of scuffling feet, crashing chairs, grunted oaths cut short by lack of breath.

Mr. Flannigan flung open the door and nearly stumbled across two bodies rolling on the floor. When they came to rest, he saw that Dane's was the one on top. Blood oozed from a gash in the boy's head but his fists were beating a tattoo on the vaguely familiar pimply face of the man beneath. A third man, with a scar across his olive cheek, stood sidewise with a stenographer's chair poised above the unsuspecting youngster.

Mr. Flannigan's eye took in these details with the speed of a snap-shot. And, in that brief "exposure," a primitive exultation surged through him as it had swept through countless ancestors wielding stout cudgels in the green fastness of old Ireland. In his own hands, too, a cudgel.

With a full swing of his heavy saxophone, he felled the olive-faced one by a blow that would have cracked the Blarney Stone.

By eleven-fifteen Noreen Flannigan was disturbed, not because of her husband's cowardly desertion which she had

scarcely noticed, but by a growing conviction that all was not well among her guests.

She saw small groups standing about, too bored to dance, although Florino's quintette labored valiantly. The Chesters had left already. She caught old Mr. Sibley stifling a yawn—evidently his one suppressed desire. Even Thornton Blake, her mainstay, having discarded head-gear and mittens, had become merely ridiculous. What was more, he knew it. But it was the sight of Betty leaving Ellsworth Coddington stranded at the punch bowl in order to flirt brazenly with the youngest Harrington boy that showed her the full extent of the fiasco.

INTO this critical situation breezed Mr. Flannigan like a blast of ozone, his step elastic with purpose, his rugged face beaming confidence above a black dress tie sadly askew.

The effect was electric.

"Why, Mr. Flannigan, where on earth—"

"Hello, Flannigan, we thought—"

"Patrick!"

For once he ignored his wife completely and, walking up to the punch bowl, took Coddington by the arm with a cheerful, "Cooler outside."

Their exit was that of two pals. Not even those closest were aware that the younger man's stride was quickened by a grip with iron in it.

Returning alone, Mr. Flannigan restrained an impulse to dust off his hands. Instead, he beckoned Betty to his side with a com-

manding gesture, then held her off at arm's length.

"As comely a nurse as your mother ever was, though I doubt you've her skill."

"Don't be silly, Dad. Everybody's looking."

"Upstairs to my room, then. Quick. You'll find the patient a bit wobbly, but nothing serious."

Her eyes widened. "What patient? Did Ellsworth pass out, or something?"

"Well now, so he did, in a manner of speaking."

"I told him he'd had enough of that punch," she blazed. "Let Mother take care of him. I'm through!"

"Say nothing to your mother," he ordered, and lowered his voice to a mysterious whisper. "I'm naming no names, mind, except 'tis not his head that's paining poor Coddington this minute, I'm thinking. Quick, now, away with you!"

Both puzzled and frightened by her father's tone of authority, Betty moved toward the door.

The music struck up so contagious a one-step just then that it was some time before Noreen forced her solid figure through the dancers and followed her daughter anxiously from the room.

HIS wife safely out of the way, Mr. Flannigan's strange exuberance now took a really alarming turn. Sweeping the gathering with a vast grin, he stepped to the leader of the quintette and issued an order.

The music faltered; stopped.

"But I do not know if Madame—"

"'S'all right, I'm *Mister* Flannigan."

What he pressed into the leader's hand seemed to prove it. Smiling and shrugging, the artists laid down their instruments and departed in the direction of promised refreshment, while the guests, watching eagerly, sensed a new deal in suppressed desires.

Yet no one guessed its nature even when Mr. Flannigan picked up a discarded saxophone and blew a few preliminary notes with astonishing skill for one whose interests lay wholly in bricks.

Encouraged by a scandalous wink from the new, self-appointed master of ceremonies, Blake was first to grasp the idea.

"Oh, splendid, Flannigan. Positively brilliant!" he chortled, skipping up and taking possession of the snare drum. "Jove! Y'know, this is the one thing I've wanted to do ever since I was a kid. Listen, everybody!"

His ear-splitting attack broke the ice like a spring thaw.

"Where's that boy of yours, Harrington? Can't he whang the bass viol?"

"Gimme the guitar. I used to—"

"Come on, Ellen, you can play the piano. Just chords will do."

Here, indeed, was something new under the sun. A chance for the exclusive Country Club set to express desires long nurtured in secret; to throw off veneers; to be natural.

And they ate it up, fighting for turns at the instruments while the others, weak from laughing, tried vainly to dance.

A final Virginia Reel at twelve-forty-five dropped them out, one by one. And here at last was Mr. Flannigan's great moment.

Those still dancing paused instinctively at his first sure notes of "The Wearing of the Green." Somebody turned off the lights. With a common impulse, the crowd seated itself in a semi-circle on the polished floor. Blake stopped his drumming. The other instruments died away, their places taken by a hummed accompaniment to the rich, moving strains of the old favorite floating through that moon-lit room.

Mr. Flannigan played it over and over; crudely, perhaps, yet as only an Irishman with music in his soul could do the thing. "They're hanging *m-e-n* and women—"

The opening of a far door broke the spell.

He stopped abruptly. Noreen's silhouette against the bright doorway snapped him back into grim reality with a sickening sense of guilt.

He'd forgotten Noreen, the party—everything. Now, suddenly, he remembered where he was, and who these people were. He realized the full enormity of his crime. He saw that he'd been acting the fool ever since wrecking his new saxophone on that devil out at the works. Somehow the fight had gone to his head like strong drink, enabling him to continue doing mighty deeds even in his own house. But this—this—was the morning after.

PANIC seized him. In the semi-darkness he dropped the saxophone and, as stealthily as possible, joined his recent audience which came to life stiffly when Noreen switched on the lights.

Neither her fixed smile nor soft voice misled him. It was her eyes that he went by. And, at the present moment, her eyes were boring into him like a pair of diamond drills.

"Is Mr. Flannigan—Oh, there you are!"

He nodded, his throat dry.

"Can I see you a minute—dear?" came the restrained summons.

He detached himself from the sheltering crowd and lumbered reluctantly to her side like an overgrown urchin caught stealing apples.

She waited 'til he was close.

"Why didn't you tell me about this in the first place?" she snapped. "You might have used a *little* sense."

He wet his lips. "Listen, now, darling, 'twas just an innocent notion—"

"Innocent notion! The boy might have got a dozen infections, the way that girl fixes a bandage. What does Betty know about first aid? And, with your own wife a trained nurse, I should have thought—"

Mr. Flannigan's mouth opened and closed like a fish. Before he could speak, however, their unsuspecting guests came crowding around in a wave of boisterous good-nights.

"*Loveliest* idea—"

"Noreen, dear, how did you *ever*—?"

"Say, old man, never had more fun."

"And do tell Betty I hope her headache—"

"*'Suppressed Desires'*! Jove, that was clever of you, Mrs. Flannigan. Why, it's been years since—"

Standing there watching Noreen, with his hands opening and closing helplessly, Mr. Flannigan saw her first blank look turn to amazement, which gave way to a gleam of dazed triumph as she grasped the undeniable fact that her guests had been having the time of their lives.

HE heard her say the proper things in reply. Noreen would. And lucky, too, since his own mixed emotions caused any sounds at all to stick in his throat.

They were still sticking when the last car swung out of the drive and he turned and followed her mechanically up the front stairs to face the most critical moment of the day.

Once she turned her head and an odd tremor shot through him. Not that she smiled at him, exactly. But there was something in her glance that reminded him, however faintly, of the slender, capable nurse he had married twenty-five years before. Which illusion was strengthened, when they entered his room, by her professional, "Any temperature, Betty?"

Two figures sitting on the bed moved apart hastily, though Betty kept looking sideways with starry eyes.

"I never felt half so good in my life, Mrs. Flannigan," Dane assured her, fingering his bandaged head gingerly. "Trouble is, I—I don't just know how *you* feel because, you see Betty and I—what I mean—"

"Oh, Mother, I think we knew all along," Betty chimed in, eagerly. "But it wasn't

until you left us alone, with the moon coming in—and somebody downstairs playing 'The Wearing of the Green' and—well, then we *knew* we knew." She laughed softly and reached for Dane's hand.

The stillness was tense.

Suddenly Noreen gave the faintest of sniffs.

Though scarcely audible, it started her husband breathing again. It even caused a smile to spread slowly over his rugged face. For this was not her recently acquired sniff. It was the kind she had used more than once in the old days to indicate a reluctant bowing to the inevitable.

"There, there, darling," he soothed, awkwardly. "'Tis not the first time 'The Wearing of the Green' has turned the same trick, I'm thinking."

Encircled by his blacksmith arm, Noreen gave a final sniff, then, practical woman that she was, changed the subject.

"It did sound real nice, from a distance. Who was that playing when I came down, Patrick?"

Mr. Flannigan started guiltily, but managed a casual,

"I—I forgot, exactly. Some old fool, no doubt, who should have better sense."

The Tyrannicide

(Continued from page 12)

bought for two francs a stout kitchen knife in a shagreen case. She then returned to her hotel to breakfast, and afterwards, dressed in her brown travelling gown and conical hat, she went forth again, and, hailing a hackney carriage, drove to Marat's house in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine.

But admittance to that squalid dwelling was denied her. The Citizen Marat was ill, she was told, and could receive no visitors. It was Simonne Evrard, the triumvir's mistress—later to be known as the Widow Marat—who barred her ingress with this message.

Checked, she drove back to the Providence Inn and wrote a letter to the triumvir:

PARIS, 13th July, Year 2 of the Republic

CITIZEN,—I have arrived from Caen. Your love for your country leads me to assume that you will be anxious to hear of the unfortunate events which are taking place in that part of the Republic. I shall therefore call upon you towards one o'clock. Have the kindness to receive me, and accord me a moment's audience. I shall put you in the way of rendering a great service to France.

MARIE CORDAY

Having dispatched that letter to Marat, she sat until late afternoon waiting vainly for an answer. Despairing at last of receiving any, she wrote a second note, more peremptory in tone:

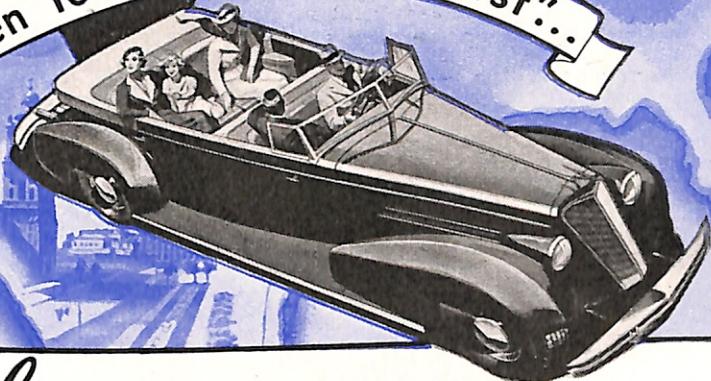
"I wrote to you this morning, Marat. Have you received my letter? May I hope for a moment's audience? If you have received my letter, I hope you will not refuse me, considering the importance of the matter. It should suffice for you that I am very unfortunate and lay claim to the right of your protection."

Having changed into a grey-striped dimity gown—you observe this further manifestation of a calm so complete that it admits of no departure from the ordinary habits of life—she goes forth to deliver in person this second letter, the knife concealed in the folds of the muslin fichu crossed high upon her breast.

(Continued on page 38)

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U.S. ROYAL TIRES

A dependable product of the United States Rubber Company



(Continued from page 36)

In a mean, brick-paved, ill-lighted, and almost unfurnished room of that house in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, the People's Friend is seated in a bath. It is no instinct of cleanliness he is obeying, for in all France there is no man more filthy in his person and his habits than this triumvir. His bath is medicated. The horrible, loathsome disease that corrodes his flesh demands these long immersions to quiet the gnawing pains which distract his active, restless mind. In these baths he can benumb the torment of the body with which he is encumbered.

For Marat is an intellect, and nothing more—leastways, nothing more that matters. What else there is to him of trunk and limbs and organs he has neglected until it has all fallen into decay. His very lack of personal cleanliness, the squalor in which he lives, the insufficient sleep which he allows himself, his habit of careless feeding at irregular intervals, all have their source in his contempt for the physical part of him. This talented man of varied attainments, accomplished linguist, skilled physician, able naturalist and profound psychologist, lives in his intellect alone, impatient of all physical interruptions. If he consents to these immersions, if he spends whole days seated in this medicated bath, it is solely because it quenches or cools the fires that are devouring him, and thus permits him to bend his mind to the work that is his life. But his long-suffering body is avenging upon the mind the neglect to which it has been submitted. The morbid condition of the former is being communicated to the latter, whence results that disconcerting admixture of cold, cynical cruelty and exalted sensibility which marked his nature in the closing years of his life.

IN his bath, then, sat the People's Friend on that July evening, immersed to the hips, his head swathed in a filthy turban, his emaciated body cased in a sleeveless waistcoat. He is fifty years of age, dying of consumption and other things, so that, did Charlotte but know it, there is no need to murder him. Disease and Death have marked him for their own, and grow impatient.

A board covering the bath served him for writing-table; an empty wooden box at his side bore an inkstand, some pens, sheets of paper, and two or three copies of "L'Ami du Peuple." There was no sound in the room but the scratch and sputter of his quill. He was writing diligently, revising and editing a proof for the forthcoming issue of his paper.

A noise of voices raised in the outer room invaded the quiet in which he was at work, and gradually penetrated his absorption until it disturbed and irritated him. He moved restlessly in his bath, listened a moment, then, with intent to make an end of the interruption, he raised a hoarse, croaking voice to inquire what might be taking place.

The door opened, and Simonne, his mistress and household drudge, entered the room. She was fully twenty years younger than himself, and under the slattern appearance which life in that house had imposed upon her there were vestiges of a certain comeliness.

"There is a young woman here from Caen, who demands insistently to see you upon a matter of national importance."

The dull eyes kindle at the mention of Caen; interest quickens in that leaden-hued countenance. Was it not in Caen that those old foes of his, the Girondins, were stirring up rebellion?

"She says," Simonne continued, "that she wrote a letter to you this morning, and she brings you a second note herself. I have told her that you will not receive any one, and . . ."

"Give me the note," he snapped. Setting down his pen, he thrust out an unclean paw to snatch the folded sheet from Simonne's

hand. He spread it, and read, his bloodless lips compressed, his eyes narrowing to slits.

"Let her in," he commanded sharply, and Simonne obeyed him without more ado. She admitted Charlotte, and left them alone together—the avenger and her victim. For a moment each regarded the other. Marat beheld a handsome young woman, elegantly attired. But these things had no interest for the People's Friend. What to him was woman and the lure of beauty? Charlotte beheld a feeble man of a repulsive hideousness, and was full satisfied, for in this outward loathsomeness she imagined a confirmation of the vileness of the mind she was come to blot out.

Then Marat spoke. "So you are from Caen, child?" he said. "And what is doing in Caen that makes you so anxious to see me?"

She approached him.

"Rebellion is stirring there, Citizen Marat."

"Rebellion, ha!" It was a sound between a laugh and a croak. "Tell me what deputies are sheltered in Caen. Come, child, their names." He took up and dipped his quill, and drew a sheet of paper towards him.

She approached still nearer; she came to stand close beside him, erect and calm. She recited the names of her friends, the Girondins, whilst hunched there in his bath his pen scratched briskly.

"So many for the guillotine," he snarled, when it was done.

But whilst he was writing, she had drawn the knife from her fichu, and as he uttered those words of doom to others his own doom descended upon him in a lightning stroke. Straight driven by that strong young arm, the long, stout blade was buried to its black hilt in his breast.

He looked at her with eyes in which there was a faint surprise as he sank back. Then he raised his voice for the last time.

"Help, chère amie! Help!" he cried, and was forever silent.

The hand still grasping the pen trailed on the ground beside the bath at the end of his long, emaciated arm. His body sank sideways in the same direction, the head lolling nervelessly upon his right shoulder, whilst from the great rent in his breast the blood gushed forth, embruing the water of his bath, trickling to the brick-paved floor, bespattering—symbolically almost—a copy of "L'Ami du Peuple," the journal to which he had devoted so much of his uneasy life.

IN answer to that cry of his came now Simonne in haste. A glance sufficed to reveal to her the horrible event, and, like a tigress, she sprang upon the unresisting slayer, seizing her by the head, and calling loudly the while for assistance. Came instantly from the ante-room Jeanne, the old cook, the portress of the house, and Laurent Basse, a folder of Marat's paper; and now Charlotte found herself confronted by four maddened, vociferous beings, at whose hands she may well have expected to receive the death for which she was prepared.

Laurent, indeed, snatched up a chair, and felled her by a blow of it across her head. He would, no doubt, have proceeded in his fury to have battered her to death, but for the arrival of gendarmes and the police commissioner of the district, who took her in their protecting charge.

The soul of Paris was convulsed by the tragedy when it became known. All night terror and confusion were abroad. All night the Revolutionary rabble, in angry grief, surged about and kept watch upon the house wherein the People's Friend lay dead.

That night, and for two days and nights thereafter, Charlotte Corday lay in the Prison of the Abbaye, supporting with fortitude the indignities that for a woman were almost inseparable from Revolutionary incarceration. She preserved throughout her

imperturbable calm, based now upon a state of mind content in the contemplation of accomplished purpose, duty done. She had saved France, she believed; saved Liberty, by slaying the man who would have strangled it. In that illusion she was content. Her own life was a small price to pay for the splendid achievement.

Some of her time of waiting she spent in writing letters to her friends, in which tranquilly and sanely she dwelt upon what she had done, expounding fully the motives that had impelled her, dwelling upon the details of the execution, and of all that had followed. Among the letters written by her during those "days of the preparation of peace"—as she calls that period, dating in such terms a long epistle to Barbaroux—was one to the Committee of Public Safety, in which she begs that a miniature-painter may be sent to her to paint her portrait, so that she may leave this token of remembrance to her friends. It is only in this, as the end approaches, that we see in her conduct any thought of her own self, any suggestion that she is anything more than an instrument in the hands of Fate.

ON the 15th, at eight o'clock in the morning, her trial began before the Revolutionary Tribunal. A murmur ran through the hall as she appeared in her gown of grey-striped dimity, composed and calm—always calm.

The trial opened with the examination of witnesses; into that of the cutler, who had sold her the knife, she broke impatiently.

"These details are a waste of time. It is I who killed Marat."

The audience gasped, and rumbled ominously. Montané turned to examine her.

"What was the object of your visit to Paris?" he asks.

"To kill Marat."

"What motives induced you to this horrible deed?"

"His many crimes."

"Of what crimes do you accuse him?"

"That he instigated the massacre of September; that he kept alive the fires of civil war, so that he might be elected dictator; that he sought to infringe upon the sovereignty of the People by causing the arrest and imprisonment of the deputies to the Convention on May 31st."

"What proof have you of this?"

"The future will afford the proof. Marat hid his designs behind a mask of patriotism."

Montané shifted the ground of his interrogatory.

"Who were your accomplices in this atrocious act?"

"I have none."

Montané shook his head. "You cannot convince any one that a person of your age and sex could have conceived such a crime unless instigated by some person or persons whom you are unwilling to name."

Charlotte almost smiled. "That shows but a poor knowledge of the human heart. It is easier to carry out such a project upon the strength of one's own hatred than upon that of others." And then, raising her voice, she proclaimed: "I killed a villain to save a hundred thousand; I killed a villain to save innocents; I killed a savage wild beast to give repose to France. I was a Republican before the Revolution. I never lacked for energy."

What more was there to say? Her guilt was completely established. Her fearless self-possession was not to be ruffled. Yet Fouquier-Tinville, the dread prosecutor, made the attempt. Beholding her so virginal and fair and brave, feeling perhaps that the Tribunal had not had the best of it, he sought with a handful of Revolutionary filth to restore the balance. He rose slowly, his ferrety eyes upon her.

"How many children have you had?"
(Continued on page 40)

Tortured by a Tele-phoney?

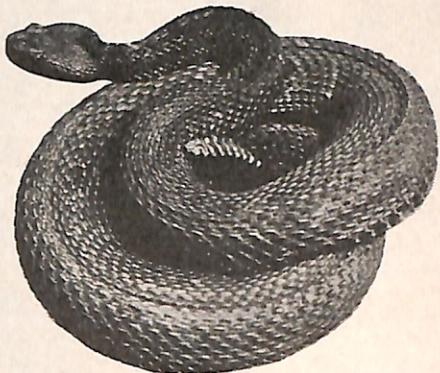
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Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness and SUNBURN

(Continued from page 38)
he rasped, sardonic, his tone a slur, an insult.

Faintly her cheeks crimsoned. But her voice was composed, disdainful, as she answered coldly:

"Have I not stated that I am not married?"

A leer, a dry laugh, a shrug from Tinville to complete the impression he sought to convey, and he sat down again.

It was the turn of Chauveau de la Garde, the advocate instructed to defend her. But what defence was possible? And Chauveau had been intimidated. He had received a note from the jury ordering him to remain silent, another from the President bidding him declare her mad.

Yet Chauveau took a middle course. His brief speech was admirable; it satisfied his self-respect, without derogating from his client. It uttered the whole truth.

"The prisoner," he said, "confesses with calm the horrible crime she has committed; she confesses with calm its premeditation; she confesses its most dreadful details; in short, she confesses everything, and does not seek to justify herself. That, citizens of the jury, is her whole defence. This imperturbable calm, this utter abnegation of self, which displays no remorse even in the very presence of death, are contrary to nature. They can only be explained by the excitement of political fanaticism which armed her hand. It is for you citizens of the jury to judge what weight that moral consideration should have in the scales of justice."

The jury voted her guilty, and Tinville rose to demand the full sentence of the law.

IT was the end. She was removed to the Conciergerie, the ante-chamber of the guillotine. A constitutional priest was sent to her, but she dismissed him with thanks, not requiring his ministrations. She preferred the painter Hauer, who had received the Revolutionary Tribunal's permission to paint her portrait in accordance with her request. And during the sitting, which lasted half an hour, she conversed with him quietly on ordinary topics, the tranquillity of her spirit unruffled by any fear of the death that was so swiftly approaching. The door opened, and Sanson, the public executioner, came in. He carried the red smock worn by those convicted of assassination. She showed no dismay; no more, indeed, than a faint surprise that the time spent with Hauer should have gone so quickly. She begged for a few moments in which to write a note, and, the request granted, acquitted herself briskly of that task; then announcing herself ready, she removed her cap that Sanson might cut her luxuriant hair. Yet first, taking his scissors, she herself cut off a lock and gave it to Hauer for remembrance. When Sanson would have bound her hands, she begged that she might be allowed to wear gloves, as her wrists were bruised and cut by the cord with which she had been pinioned in Marat's house. He answered that she might do so if she wished, but that it was unnecessary, as he could bind her without causing pain.

"To be sure," she said, "those others had not your experience," and she proffered her bare wrists to his cord without further demur. "If this toilet of death is performed by rude hands," she commented, "at least it leads to immortality."

She mounted the tumbril awaiting in the prison yard, and, disdaining the chair offered her by Sanson, remained standing, to show herself dauntless to the mob and brave its rage. And fierce was that rage, indeed. So densely thronged were the streets that the tumbril proceeded at a crawl, and the people surging about the cart screamed death and insult at the doomed woman. It took two hours to reach the Place de la

Révolution, and meanwhile a terrific summer thunderstorm had broken over Paris, and a torrential rain had descended upon the densely packed streets. Charlotte's garments were soaked through and through, so that her red smock, becoming glued now to her body and fitting her like a skin, threw into relief her sculptural beauty, whilst a reflection of the vivid crimson of the garment faintly tinged her cheeks, and thus heightened her appearance of complete composure.

And it is now in the Rue Saint-Honoré that at long last we reach the opening of our tragic love-story.

A TALL, slim, fair young man, named Adam Lux—sent to Paris by the city of Mayence as Deputy Extraordinary to the National Convention—was standing there in the howling press of spectators. He was an accomplished, learned young gentleman, doctor at once of philosophy and of medicine, although in the latter capacity he had never practised owing to an extreme sensibility of nature, which rendered anatomical work repugnant to him. He was a man of a rather exalted imagination, unhappily married—the not uncommon fate of such delicate temperaments—and now living apart from his wife. He had heard, as all Paris had heard, every detail of the affair, and of the trial, and he waited there, curious to see this woman, with whose deed he was secretly in sympathy.

The tumbril slowly approached, the groans and execrations swelled up around him, and at last he beheld her—beautiful, serene, full of life, a still smile upon her lips. For a long moment he gazed upon her, standing as if stricken into stone. Then heedless of those about him, he bared his head, and thus silently saluted and paid homage to her. She did not see him. He had not thought that she would. He saluted her as the devout salute the unresponsive image of a saint. The tumbril crawled on. He turned his head, and followed her with his eyes for a while; then, driving his elbows into the ribs of those about him, he clove himself a passage through the throng, and so followed, bare-headed now, with fixed gaze, a man entranced.

He was at the foot of the scaffold when her head fell. To the last he had seen that noble countenance preserve its immutable calm, and in the hush that followed the sibilant fall of the great knife his voice suddenly rang out.

"She is greater than Brutus!" was his cry; and he added, addressing those who stared at him in stupefaction: "It were beautiful to have died with her!"

He was suffered to depart unmolested. Chiefly, perhaps, because at that moment the attention of the crowd was upon the executioner's attendant, who, in holding up Charlotte's truncated head, slapped the cheek with his hand. The story runs that the dead face reddened under the blow. Scientists of the day disputed over this, some arguing from it a proof that consciousness does not at once depart the brain upon decapitation.

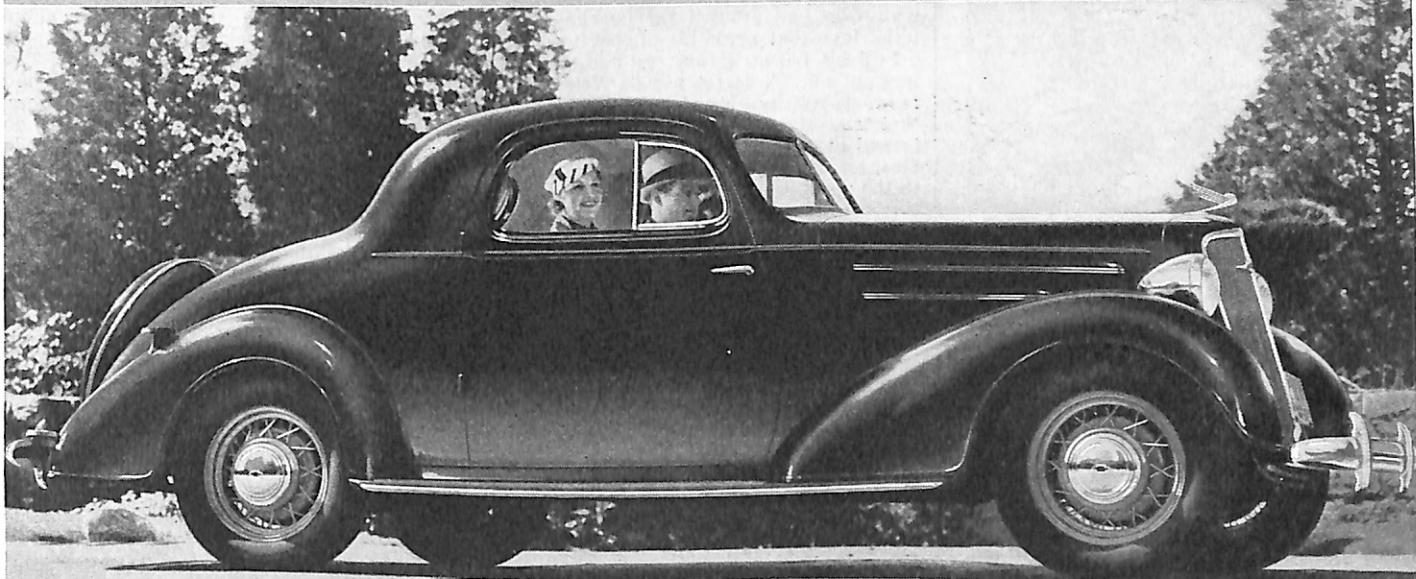
That night, while Paris slept, its walls were secretly placarded with copies of a eulogy of Charlotte Corday, the martyr of Republicanism, the deliverer of France, in which occurs the comparison with Joan of Arc, that other great heroine of France. This was the work of Adam Lux. He made no secret of it. The vision of her had so wrought upon the imagination of this susceptible dreamer, had fired his spirit with such enthusiasm, that he was utterly reckless in yielding to his emotions, in expressing the phrenetic, immaterial love with which in her last moments of life she had inspired him.

Two days after her execution he issued a long manifesto, in which he urged the

(Continued on page 42)

Chevrolet

 FOR 1935



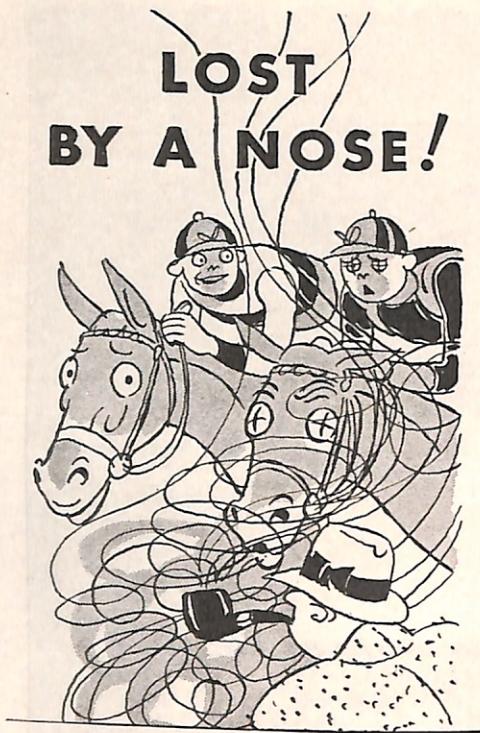
The Master De Luxe Sport Coupe

ITS PERFORMANCE IS QUALITY IN ACTION

"Look, there's one!" Such is the bystander's eager tribute to Master De Luxe beauty when this luxurious car appears on the avenue. But you will have to look quickly, or it will be out of sight, for in performance, too, it bears the hallmark of quality. It snaps away from the traffic light in the wink of an eye. It delivers its power with the smooth ease of a trained athlete. And it rides all types of roads with that special Knee-Action comfort and safety which are exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range. Yes, indeed, Master De Luxe performance is quality in action. And the Master De Luxe is even more economical than the very thrifty Chevrolets of previous years! See it, drive it, and choose Chevrolet for quality at low cost.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. A General Motors Value

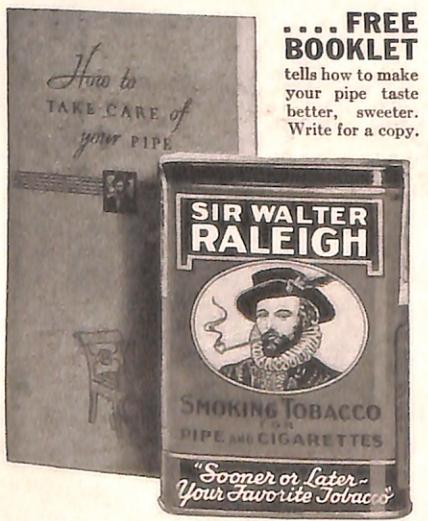
TURRET-TOP BODY BY FISHER (WITH NO DRAFT VENTILATION) . . . IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION RIDE . . . BLUE-FLAME VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE . . . WEATHERPROOF CABLE-CONTROLLED BRAKES . . . SHOCK-PROOF STEERING



THE race was neck and neck—up to the moment Railbird Ralph let loose a puff of hoosegow tobacco from his never-curried pipe.

It's the horselaugh for you now, Friend Ralph. But you can easily make yourself choice company for man and beast. Sluice out the old briar. Get it really clean and sweet. Then tamp it full of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. You've heard men praise its mildness. You've heard women extol its fragrant aroma. Now try a tin. See if this ever-so-mild blend of gentle Kentucky Burleys in a well-kept pipe isn't a combination that wins any race. Particularly the human.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. E-56



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

(Continued from page 40)
purity of her motive as the fullest justification of her act, placed her on the level of Brutus and Cato, and passionately demanded for her the honor and veneration of posterity. It is in this manifesto that he applies euphemistically to her deed the term "tyrannicide." That document he boldly signed with his own name, realizing that he would pay for that temerity with his life.

HE was arrested on the 24th of July—exactly a week from the day on which he had seen her die. He had powerful friends, and they exerted themselves to obtain for him a promise of pardon and release if he would publicly retract what he had written. But he laughed the proposal to scorn, ardently resolved to follow into death the woman who had aroused the hopeless, immaterial love that made his present torment.

Still his friends strove for him. His trial was put off. A doctor named Wetekind was found to testify that Adam Lux was mad, that the sight of Charlotte Corday had turned his head. He wrote a paper on this plea, recommending that clemency be shown to the young doctor on the score of his affliction, and that he should be sent to a hospital or to America. Adam Lux was angry when he heard of this, and protested indignantly against the allegations of Dr. Wetekind. He wrote to the "Journal de la Montague," which published his declaration on the 26th

of September, to the effect that he was not mad enough to desire to live, and that his anxiety to meet death halfway was a crowning proof of his sanity.

He languished on in the prison of La Force until the 10th of October, when at last he was brought to trial. He stood it joyously, in a mood of exultation at his approaching deliverance. He assured the court that he did not fear the guillotine, and that all ignominy had been removed from such a death by the pure blood of Charlotte.

They sentenced him to death, and he thanked them for the boon.

"Forgive me, sublime Charlotte," he exclaimed, "if I should find it impossible to exhibit at the last the courage and gentleness that were yours. I glory in your superiority, for it is right that the adored should be above the admirer."

Yet his courage did not fail him. Far from it, indeed; if hers had been a mood of gentle calm, his was one of ecstatic exaltation. At five o'clock that same afternoon he stepped from the tumbril under the gaunt shadow of the guillotine. He turned to the people, his eyes bright, a flush on his cheeks.

"At last I am to have the happiness of dying for Charlotte," he told them, and mounted the scaffold with the eager step of the bridegroom on his way to the nuptial altar.

The Bridge Kibitzer Had His Day

(Continued from page 23)

The scoring and bidding are as usual except that five consecutive passes are required to close the auction. After the declarer's left-hand opponent makes the opening lead, both of the declarer's partners immediately become dummies.

Three-Pair Hex

If each player wishes to keep himself or his own pet partner alive, three-pair bridge solves the problem. In this game your partner sits directly opposite you. After the bidding is closed, the two opponents on the declarer's left lead and play in turn before the lone dummy is spread. The same scoring system is used as in Triangle Contract.

Five-Player Hex

If one of the players is knocked out permanently during the fray, the five remaining warriors can continue the battle without him. The partnerships are dissolved and the game becomes a free-for-all cut-throat affair, not unlike poker. The sixth hand is dealt face up as the dummy and auctioned off to the highest bidder. Two opponents play between the successful bidder and his dummy at either side. The same scoring system is used as in Triangle Contract except that the declarer always wins or loses four times the total score of each deal because he collects from or pays four adversaries.

Try that one out at a dollar a point!

Poker Bridge

Albert B. Ferguson of New York City has offered an altogether new suggestion to solve the kibitzer problem in his "Poker Bridge," a game for three or more players. Like poker it is a cut-throat proposition based on bluffing in order to conceal your strength or weakness. The final declarer may exchange his hand for any other player's hand, and then he may select any other hand for his dummy. This he exposes opposite him with

an adverse hand on either side.

Play proceeds normally. With three players the fourth hand is blind, with more than four players the extra players seated at the dealer's right receive no hands, but they may participate in the bidding and buy a couple of hands to play as declarer and dummy if they wish. The bidding is as usual except that once a player passes or doubles he may only pass or double thereafter unless he holds no hand, in which event he may put in a bid at any time. Also, each individual player must double the declarer in order to collect doubled penalties from him.

In scoring, "the value of each odd trick won on a successful contract is 1,000 points less 100 times the number bid. On a defeated contract the undertricks are each valued at 100 times the amount bid." The declarer pays or receives the full score from each adversary. The game sounds like a lot of fun.

Solutions to February Problems

Solution to Problem 1. South wins trick three with the ace of clubs and leads a low diamond. If West wins with the queen and returns the suit, putting North in the lead, North leads a low club. East must split his equals and South wins with the eight-spot. South lays down the ace of spades, two club tricks and two heart tricks, squeezing East in the black suits.

If at trick four West passes the diamond lead, North's jack wins and he leads a low spade, South finessing the nine-spot. South wins another spade trick with the ace, two heart tricks, and three clubs, throwing East in with the last club at trick 12. East's last card is a spade which North's jack wins.

Solution to Problem 2. South leads a spade, North discards a club, and West and East cannot both discard clubs.

4. If West discards a club, East sheds a

(Continued on page 44)

Shear Nonsense

The two actresses were having tea together, and among the topics of conversation that came up was burglary.

"I always feel safe when there's a man in the house," remarked the brunette.

"I don't see why you shouldn't, dear," purred the blonde.

—*Moustique.*

•

"Is this a one-piece bathing costume?"

"Yes, Madam. Count it."

—*The Humorist.*

•

Rector's Daughter: "Prayers were offered up for your husband last Sunday, Mrs. Mudge. I hope he is better."

Mrs. Mudge: "Well, I'll say 'e don't seem none the worse for 'em."

—*Passing Show.*

•

Customer: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber: "It ain't that; sometimes I snip off a bit of a customer's ear."

—*Princeton Tiger.*

•

IF

If I retired, say, at ten,
And never mingled in the riot,
Or the sins of other men.
And watched my diet;

If I lived on better terms
With virtue, kept my moral axis
Level, worried over germs
And prophylaxis;

I would be a better man.
A kinder husband, finer father—
Yet I never will or can.
So why bother?

—*Wilfred J. Funk in the New York American.*

It was the custom at the school for a teacher to write on the blackboard any instructions she wished to give the caretaker. One evening on entering a classroom the caretaker saw written up: "Find the greatest common denominator."

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "Is that durned thing lost again?"

—*Dundas Star.*

•

Geology Prof.: "What kind of rock is this?"

Student: "Oh! I just take it for granite."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

•

Little Anna asked her father why he didn't have hair on the top of his head. He answered: "For the same reason that grass won't grow on a busy street. You know why now, don't you?"

"Sure," she replied, "it can't get up through concrete."

—*Austin News.*

•

Old Gentleman: "You're an honest boy, but the money I lost was a five-dollar bill, not twenty quarters in silver."

Lad: "I know, sir, but the last time I found a bill the man didn't have any change."

—*Business Week.*

•

Suitor: "I—er—suppose you're aware I've been making advances to your daughter?"

Impecunious Father: "Yes, put it there, my son. And now what about poor old Father?"

—*London Opinion.*

•

"Those Arab acrobats twist themselves into all sorts of shapes."

"Ah, they're regular folding Bedouins!"

—*Pathfinder.*

IGLOO IKE SAYS:



When the other members of your foursome begin to make things "hot" for you, just reach into your pocket and tee up a MacGregor Dry Ice Center Ball. Then smack it and watch it ride! And watch the mouths of your opponents pop open with amazement. You'll probably be able to take the next few holes while they are still too dazed to figure out what it's all about!

Man, here is a golf ball! It travels far, it goes where it's hit, and it laps up punishment as cheerfully as a golfer at the nineteenth hole.

What we mean is that the MacGregor Dry Ice Center Ball is entirely different from any other ball you've ever hit. Into its liquid center we insert a tiny, carefully calculated pellet of dry ice. This liberates carbon dioxide which "pumps up" the liquid center, increases the tension of the strong rubber winding and makes the whole ball super-resilient.

Try it. 75c at the shop of your pro or sporting goods dealer. The Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio. In Canada, Adanac Golf Clubs, Ltd., Toronto.

Macgregor
PACE-MAKER DRY ICE CENTER

Golf Balls





"I wore the Director Belt and reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches. Practically all adipose tissue can surely be eliminated by its faithful use. I have recommended it to many of my patients."

(Signed) R. A. LOWELL
Physician and Surgeon

How DIRECTOR Works

DIRECTOR is fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks or buttons. Its elastic action causes a gentle changing pressure on the abdomen bringing results formerly obtained only by regular massage and exercise. Now all you have to do is slip on Director and watch results.

Improve Your Appearance

This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

Restore Your Vigor

"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

Break Constipation Habit

"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feel better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life," D. W. Bilderback, Wichita, Kans.

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. The gentle changing action of Director increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without the use of harsh, irritating cathartics.

Mail Coupon Now!

LANDON & WARNER
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Dept. S-20

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



(Continued from page 42)
heart. North's ace of hearts wins next and a low heart is returned. East's king falls and South trumps it. North regains the lead with the ace of diamonds and leads the queen of hearts which squeezes East again.

B. If West discards a heart, East sheds a club. North's ace of hearts wins next and the queen of hearts is led. East covers with the king (South discards a club and trumps a third heart if East fails to cover) which South trumps. North's ace of diamonds wins, and playing the good five of hearts, he squeezes West again.

February Contest Winners

Harry N. Alderman, New Haven, Conn.
Sam Amster, Chattanooga, Tenn.
P. J. Aselin, Elizabeth, N. J.
H. B. Bentley, Ashland, Ore.
P. A. Bonham, Greenville, S. C.
Dr. J. W. Boren, Marinette, Wis.
George C. Borner, Memphis, Tenn.
Henry J. Brady, Providence, R. I.
Clarence O. Brown, Rochester, Minn.
James Canavan, Bath, N. Y.
D. J. Carey, Drumright, Okla.
Verne B. Clarn, University, Mich.
William Conlon, Waterbury, Conn.
H. F. Connell, Long Island City, N. Y.
E. E. Coriell, Bowling Green, O.
Lyle D. Cronin, Creston, Ia.
E. E. Denham, Joplin, Mo.
Glen A. Dye, Valparaiso, Ind.
David S. Ehrich, Union City, N. J.
Ray Evans, Bluefield, W. Va.
Edward J. Farness, Salamanca, N. Y.
John W. Foge, Jr., Woodham, L. I., N. Y.
Arthur S. Friedman, Miami, Fla.
Oscar Glickman, Fort Worth, Tex.
Norman A. Goodwin, Montpelier, Vt.
Curtis M. Gott, Warrensburg, Mo.
Max F. Graf, Aurora, Ill.
David C. Grear, Herrin, Ill.
Fred B. Hamill, Champaign, Ill.
W. W. Hannewald, La Salle, Ill.

Kelly Harper, Catlettsburg, Ky.
Donald R. Harvison, Olean, N. Y.
George Hecht, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
A. B. Held, Waukegan, Ill.
David L. Heller, East Orange, N. J.
Edward Herbert, Brooklyn, N. Y.
D. R. Higley, Rawlins, Wyo.
L. E. Hill, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
Edward P. Hubbell, Washington, D. C.
Frank R. Hurlbutt, Charleston, W. Va.
Dr. M. J. Kelley, Watertown, Mass.
William H. Klipstine, Cincinnati, O.
Stanley Knipping, Dunellen, N. J.
Raymond J. Lambert, Kenova, W. Va.
Harry F. Lee, Albuquerque, N. M.
E. D. Letts, Cuyahoga Falls, O.
L. B. Lilliedoll, Sutton, Neb.
V. R. Linaberry, Berwick, Pa.
Charles B. Little, Scranton, Pa.
Edward H. Lundquist, Fergus Falls, Minn.
F. V. Macomber, Jamestown, N. Y.
Antonio Marafioti, Silver Bay, N. Y.
Thomas K. McCloy, The Dalles, Ore.
Rev. P. McGeough, Sanborn, N. D.
John F. Milburn, Columbus, O.
J. Balfour Miller, Natchez, Miss.
K. M. Nishkian, Fresno, Calif.
Thomas Noonan, Valley City, N. D.
R. V. Omer, Madisonville, Ky.
J. Campbell Palmer, III, Wheeling, W. Va.
Charles D. Penniston, Salt Lake City, Utah
James T. Reagan, Denver, Colo.
Morris Rudominer, Newark, N. J.
Dr. W. G. Schaefer, Amherst, O.
Dr. Leo F. Schiff, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Arthur W. Schmitt, Milwaukee, Wis.
Lee A. Sheberman, Jr., Chicago, Ill.
Clark R. Smith, Terre Haute, Ind.
Kirsey O. Smith, Kenova, W. Va.
David Solis-Cohen, Jr., Portland, Ore.
J. C. Stablein, Seattle, Wash.
Dr. C. R. Stewart, Huron, S. D.
Fred G. Stone, Tucson, Ariz.
Edmund F. Sullivan, Norwood, Mass.
F. E. Swan, Brownsville, Tex.
Alfred Tamblyn, Ely, Nev.
J. H. Taylor, Lebanon, O.
Emmett Thompson, El Reno, Okla.
W. F. Tuttle, Middletown, O.
C. Fred Vollmer, Bucyrus, O.
C. M. Wolfe, Butte, Mont.
Frank L. Ziegler, Hanover, Pa.

Taking the Grief Out of Golf

(Continued from page 15)

shot. It isn't the stroke a careless shot costs that counts so much—it's the damage to your morale.

"To get back to the development of my game, I got into golf when I was 12 years old, in 1919, which was naturally an advantage, but it took me a long time to learn the secret of really good playing, which is practice.

"My home town of Miami, Okla., was booming at that time, as it was the center of a lead and zinc mining district. Leading citizens organized a country club. It had nine holes and sand greens. I knew nothing of this until one day, as I was playing baseball in a corner lot, Ernest Lankard, a schoolmate, passed by.

"Where are you going, Ernie?" I called.
"Out to the golf club," he said.

"What's golf?" I asked.
"He explained, 'I carry clubs,' he said.
'I get paid for it.'

"Money! Right there I dropped baseball and went with Ernie. It was the turning point of my life.

"To prove to you that I had no natural instinct for golf, I caddied for quite a while before it occurred to me to play. Then, one day, a kid named Willard Davis brought a shiny club to the course and began knocking a ball around. That caught my interest. I bought his club for a dime. Three shots and the game had me hooked completely.

"Soon I got hold of two real clubs, a driver and a spoon. Then the professional, Ed Dudley, who later became very well known, was given a set of old-fashioned, slick-faced clubs by a man who owed him money and couldn't pay it, and he turned them over to me.

"My chum, Gordon Sterrett, cried when Ed gave me those clubs. I did the best I could for him. I gave him my old ones which, in addition to the driver and spoon, included a putter by that time.

"We used to practice by hitting balls back and forward to each other. We would play the course in the early morning, too. But we didn't make any serious study of the various shots.

"I got off to a wrong start in the game because I heard players say, 'Look at Ed Dudley: he plays a fine game and he doesn't practice!' I thought I could be like Dudley.

"Still, I got so I could play the Miami course in the low thirties pretty regularly. When members of the Columbus, Kansas, club came over to Miami for a match and let it be known they were on the lookout for a professional, some of the Miami members said, 'Why don't you hire the Lafoof boy? He can beat any pro around this section.'

"I was only 15 and when the Columbus people offered me the job I was scared sick. But I accepted. I figured I knew enough about grip, stance and swing to take care of the teaching end.

"Of course I began to play in nearby tournaments. Tournament golf is fine, too, for developing your game. It brings out your competitive spirit and this leads to careful playing, study and practice.

I GOT into major tournament play in this way. In time I became professional at the Oak Hill Country Club at Joplin, Mo. Nearby, at the Jefferson City, Mo., Country Club, was another young professional with whom I used to play. You've heard a lot

about him since. He was Horton Smith. "One day Horton said me, 'I'm going out to California to play this winter's tournament circuit; you'd better come along.'

"No," I told him, "I guess I'll stay here." "Well," said Horton, "I've got \$500 to charge up to experience. I'm going to spend it on this trip."

"The next few months I read a good deal in the newspapers about Horton's doings. The end of it was that the following winter found me in California too.

"I had a serious handicap at this time, although I didn't realize it. I lashed into the ball with a tremendous swing. At the top of the backswing my hands were high above my shoulders and the club-head down around my hips. I tried to hit the ball a mile. This tendency grew after I went to Hot Springs in my 19th year and won a long-driving contest in which most of the leading professionals of the country competed. I couldn't control the ball and I mixed too many bad rounds with my good ones.

"In the 1931 Los Angeles Open at the Hillcrest Club I started the last nine holes in second place and then killed my chances by hitting out of bounds. Later I was leading the Arizona Open after 36 holes and then did the same as at Los Angeles. These failures should have taught me a lesson, but they didn't. I didn't get next to myself until the 1932 Los Angeles Open, played at the Wiltshire Club. Hitting the ball first right and then left, I got disgusted. After one particularly rotten shot I said to myself: 'Well, from now on I'm going to stay in the fairway if I have to pack the ball around!'

"Right there I cut my swing down to a half-swing. From then on I began to play more consistently. I learned to control the ball better, for I was beginning to get an understanding of hitting through it with my hands.

"More about the hands later, but now let me explain why I think the average golfer would be better off, at least while he is learning control, if he used a half-swing.

"With the half-swing it is easier to hit through the ball and avoid cutting the club-head across it. You are more likely to apply power at the bottom of the stroke, where it will count. Using an exaggerated full swing, the tendency is to slow the clubhead at impact.

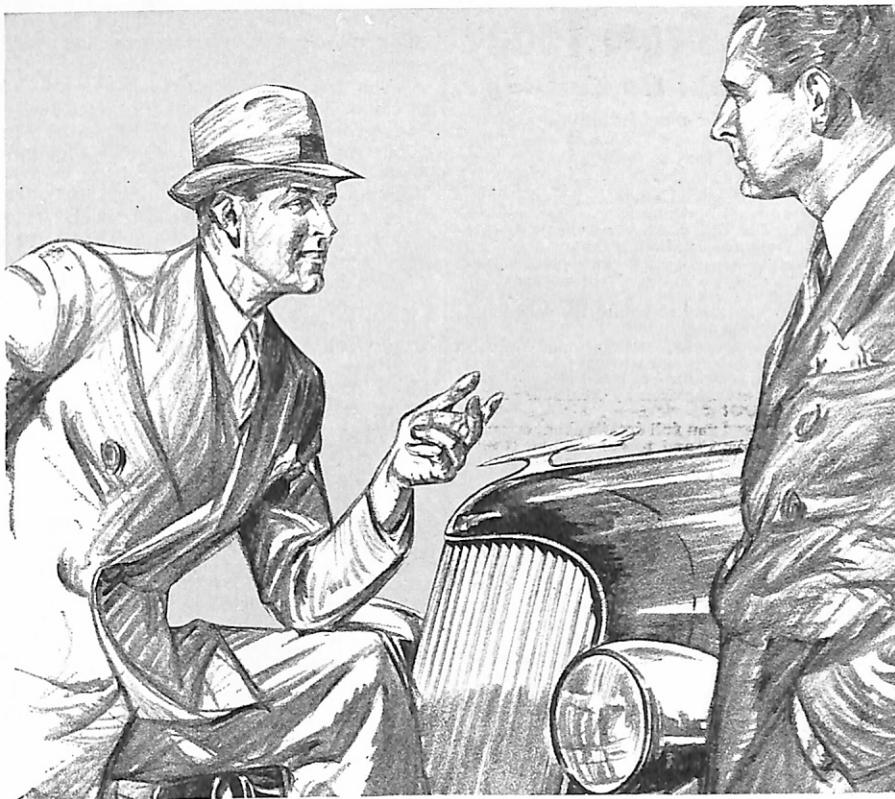
"With the half-swing you are apt to keep your wrists cocked until you hit. A full swing will cause you to uncock them when the hands are about half way down. You will throw the clubhead at the ball violently, instead of leading it down to the ball in a controlled way.

"Today I use a three-quarter swing; sometimes a seven-eighths one on long shots. But first I had to learn control.

"My discovery in regard to my swing was a big thing, of course, but I still had to learn the necessity of serious practice. After the 1932 U. S. Open at Fresh Meadow, Long Island, I reached the conclusion that the hands are the most important thing in golf, since they are the only part of the body touching the club; also that if I wanted to get anywhere in the game, I must learn how to use my hands to the best advantage. I went back home—I was connected, now, with the Green Gables Country Club at Denver—and spent an hour daily practicing hitting with my hands.

WITH the hands playing so important a part, a good grip is vital. It would be foolish to give an exact grip for every golfer. Every fellow must find his own by study and practice.

"Chance had a good deal to do with deciding the grip I use, but experience has upheld it. I may add that when I first began to gain notice my grip was criticized



ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I CAN PROVE IN MY CAR!

Gentlemen:

I'm nobody to talk about the technical side of motor oil. I don't know the first thing about it.

But I've driven cars for a dozen years. And I've a kind of knowledge that, for me an Ambassador of the Elks Good Will Tour, tells all I want to know.

I've had the experience of hearing my motor run almost as quietly at the end of the grueling 10,000 mile tour as at the start. I've had the experience of not having to add oil between regular drain-and-refill times. I know that my experience has been duplicated in the six previous Elks Tours.

Maybe I should expect even more from a motor oil than I've had all these years from Quaker State. I don't know. But I'd rather go by definite proof than promises—of proved freedom from major repairs than the possibility of breakdowns. And until my friends who are car owners can prove to me from their own experience that there's a kind of oil that can beat my record—you'll find me using Quaker State, as usual.

Cordially yours,

Nick F. Ford

On the highways to Columbus, it's the

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

One Year From Today

What Will You Be Earning?

This may be the most important year in your life! Your whole future is apt to depend on how you take advantage of present business changes.

The "New Deal" is opening up new jobs, creating unusual opportunities, bringing back prosperity. But that does not insure prosperity for you. Only you can insure that.

For months—may be years—employers will be able to pick and choose out of the millions now unemployed or dissatisfied with their work and pay. Naturally they will pick the men with most preparation and ability.

You should—you must—make yourself quickly more valuable—to protect what you have and to insure getting your share of the promotions and pay raises. It is being done by OTHERS—it can be done by YOU!

Ask us to send you full details about our new spare time training, and to explain how it prepares you to meet today's demands and opportunities, also about our salary-increasing plan. If you really are in earnest, you should investigate at once. Check your field below, write your name and address, and mail.

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a lot because I put my right hand on top of the shaft, but since then a great many players have adopted this method.

"The first driver I ever had—the old club of caddy days—had a closed face. I hooked badly with it. To counteract this tendency I put my right hand on top of the shaft, instead of at the side, as is customary. With the left hand controlling the swing, the right would not turn over at impact. There was another advantage, too. It gave me a greater sense of feel.

"My hard practice quickly brought results. One after the other, I won the 54-hole Colorado Open with a score of 211, the Utah Open with 280 and the Nebraska Open with 276. No longer did I turn wild at the finish of a tournament. In the Colorado Open, for instance, I came up to the 530-yard last hole leading Harold Long by a stroke. A drive and a spoon put me 15 feet from the cup for an easy birdie four. I beat Long by two strokes.

"That winter I followed the tournament circuit again. I began to get into the money in practically every event. Thus I led up to my big year—1934.

"I really played too much golf in 1934. I entered more tournaments than any other golfer. I hadn't set out to do this, but I was winning big prize money with such regularity that I couldn't afford to stop competing. I finally became stale, physically and mentally. The latter is worse than the former.

"When you are right mentally, you keep your mind on the shot until you hit it. I was able to do this unfailingly through a stretch of three months, when I finished first or second in every tournament in which I played. In the Rivervale, N. J., Open in September, however, I began knocking two-foot putts right across the center of the cup. I was in a jittery state. I lost a chance at third money and finished eighth.

"I am very fond of dancing. I used to dance almost every night. I found the combination of golf by day and dancing at night was doing things to my legs. I had to cut down on the dancing.

"The legs are highly important in golfing. If weak, they won't hold up against the pressure of the swing through the ball, but will quiver, or give way, which destroys timing. That's why duffers so frequently play badly on the last holes. Their legs have not been hardened by exercise.

"There are times, though, when condition doesn't seem to matter. After going stale at Rivervale I entered the Eastern Open, played at Sandy Burr, near Boston, and won with a score of 275. I did the last 36 holes in 65-69—134, the best golf of my career, for Sandy Burr was 7,000 yards long and soft from heavy rains. However, my showing was only a flash in the pan.

"A more unusual instance was the Walter Hagen Open at Rochester, N. Y. I led the field at the end of the first round with a score of 68. In the second round, paired with Gene Sarazen, I was going great until we reached the 12th hole, 375 yards long. There I pushed my drive under a cedar tree in rough at the right.

"The tree's branches hung low and I couldn't shoot for the green, but had to play for a safe position in the fairway. Just as I swung my club a bumble bee stung me on the right eye.

"The eye didn't close then, though it twitched a lot and hurt, and I finished the round with a 71. But the next morning it was swollen shut.

"I couldn't drop out of the tournament, for I was tied for second place with Leo Diegel, with a score of 139. George Von Elm was leading with 138. I had my eye taped to hold the lids open and went out to play. The tape didn't work very well. I was practically one-eyed. However, I finished with 70 and 69 for a 278 total. It gave me second place. Leo Diegel shot a

sensational 66 on the final round and beat me by two strokes. Under the circumstances my feat gave me one of my biggest thrills.

"Speaking of thrills, my biggest one in 1934 came at Agua Caliente, when I made a hole-in-one on the 220-yard ninth. I got it in a strong wind with a spoon.

"Why was it such a thrill? Well, I already had three aces to my credit, so the experience wasn't new. But this one came in a big tournament and with a big gallery looking on.

"There was another reason. This hole-in-one gave me fourth prize money, instead of leaving me in a tie for fifth. I won \$700 instead of \$500. A lot of men would gladly pay \$200 to make a hole-in-one. I got paid \$200 for doing it. In this respect this may have been a record ace."

SO much for Ky Laffoon's story, the story of a young man whose study, sincere and constant, enabled him to rise from the very bottom to an affluent position spent pleasantly in pleasant surroundings. Boil it to its essence and the story is one of determined practice.

Here are some bits of advice from Ky for the duffer:

Use clubs of a length and design to suit your build, with shafts whose whip fits your strength and the speed of your swing.

Learn your proper grip through study and practice and the advice of a professional.

Choose a stance suitable to you, but be sure your feet are not too far apart.

Don't worry about the pivot. The best way to hit the ball is the simplest way. Avoid exaggeration. Relax. When you swing you will turn automatically.

Keep the back-swing short and swing with the hands. Practice swinging with the hands a lot. By this practice you will train your muscles to work in a groove.

Ky's final tip, you see, is practice. It would be the final instruction of any fine player. It is the thing that produces champions.

THERE is the case of Olin Dutra, the big Californian who won the 1934 U. S. Open championship. Olin told me that he prepared for that event with the greatest care.

"When I completed the tournament circuit in February, 1934," he said, "I had swung clear around the country, traveling over 20,000 miles. I was stale, so after the Agua Caliente open I put my clubs away. I gave lessons six days a week and played only once.

"About six weeks before the championship I began to practice for it. I dieted and cut out all stimulants. I worked on all my shots diligently. By the time I was ready to start East I had them under control. My drive, for instance, was so accurate that I could place it between two trees standing 200 yards from the practice tee without fail. Both my physical and mental condition were fine. I wrote to Leo Diegel, who was connected with the Philmont Club, not far from the Merion Cricket Club, at Philadelphia, where the championship was to be played: 'As far as I'm concerned I'm going to be one of the four or five at Merion who will have to be beaten to win the championship.'

It will be remembered that on his way to Merion, Dutra had an attack of dysentery, lost 18 pounds and arrived in a very weakened condition. Yet his game stood up despite this handicap. Those six weeks of intelligent practice had done their work.

Again there is the case of W. Lawson Little. Little always has practiced a lot, but up to 1934 he was never able to capture a major tournament. It was a final determined campaign of practice with his irons that brought him to historic achievement

last year. This was precipitated by his loss to George Dunlap in the semi-finals of the United States Amateur championship at the Kenwood Country Club, at Cincinnati.

"The way in which Dunlap played his iron shots against me that day convinced me that I must have more than a good tee shot if I wanted to be a champion," said Little, "so, on my way home I stopped off at Chicago and spent a week with Tommy Armour, who gave me a much better understanding of how to play my irons."

"He made me stand with my feet closer together, which promoted easier body turn and stopped body lunge, a fault of which I was guilty when hitting through the ball, and taught me to use my hands better in hitting. He slowed down my swing at the top, with a slight suggestion of pause there. The way I had been swinging, the clubhead was still going back while my hands were coming forward, which naturally handicapped control."

"From then on I practiced a great deal with my irons. My game grew better speedily."

What is the big reward of practice? Gaining control of your clubs and the ball, of course; but just as important as this is the psychological effect. It produces confidence and it is the lack of this which fills the duffer's every moment on the golf course with fear and trembling, causing most of his mistakes.

CONFIDENCE is the ultimate maker of champions. It is not detracting from Little's greatness as a golfer, for instance, to say that confidence was a vital factor in both his big victories last year. He proved his genius by dazzling, par-breaking rounds in the finals of both the British and American amateur championships. But the luck of the draw was such that he progressed through both events without meeting any seasoned stars. He was able to enter every match, almost, knowing that his game was superior to his opponent's.

Regarding the British championship, Lawson told me:

"Conditions favored me all the way, except in one match. That was the semi-final with Leslie G. Garnett, who previously had beaten Johnny Goodman. Garnett outdrove me most of the time. I got perhaps 15 more yards carry than he; but he played a low hook-shot, with lots of roll. I kept away from such shots because they were dangerous if the hook was exaggerated."

"We arrived at the 18th hole with Garnett one down. It is a par four of 283 yards, but a long hitter can get a three frequently if his drive is right. Mine left me within chipping distance, but Garnett's hook got him into trouble. His ball rolled into a bunker at the left of the green."

"I chipped six feet from the cup. Then Garnett blasted eight feet from the cup and holed his putt. This put the issue up to me pretty squarely. I missed my six-footer and the match was squared."

Walter Hagen once said that when he had an opponent fighting for halves he knew he had him beaten. All through this match Little had Garnett fighting to avert defeat, so this mishap did not upset his confidence. He played a four on the first extra hole. Garnett broke under the strain and three-putted to go down to defeat.

"My experience in the U. S. Amateur championship," said Little, "was much the same as in the British championship. The only man I really feared was Willie Turnesa, whom I met in the quarter-final round."

"Turnesa had put George Dunlap, the defending champion, out of the tournament and just before we played had shot a magnificent 67 to beat Charlie Yates of Atlanta, 5 and 3."

"I felt that if I could get past him I had a very good chance to win the championship."



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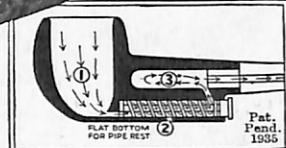
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"The crucial hole of our match was the 320-yard 10th. This hole bends a little at the finish, and it isn't safe to play for the flag, because there is a deep gulch in the bend. You can reach the apron of the green by a long shot down the left center of the fairway, but if this shot isn't accurate, and you get too far to the left, you are apt to play into a tree-stymie. The best course is to play safe with a spoon-shot and pitch. You have to shoot over a slope to a blind green, but that doesn't matter."

"I got on nicely, but Turnesa did better, pitching six feet from the cup. He had a great chance to take the hole with a birdie but missed his putt. This left me with my two-hole lead. At the 12th I sank a 15-foot putt for a birdie two and got a three-hole advantage. He couldn't beat that."

LET'S go back now to Olin Dutra, joining him as he arrives at Merion to practice for the 1934 U. S. Open championship. He finds that despite his sickness and loss of weight his game is still with him.

"The first day of practice," says Olin, I found I could only walk 13 holes, but the next day I forced myself to go 18 holes just to see if I could score the course. I shot a 69, which left me in a good frame of mind."

Here Olin relates a story of championship psychology which is one of the most interesting chapters in golf history. Olin generously admits that if it had not been for a chain of mental stimulants to his confidence he might not have won the championship.

"To begin with," he says, "I stopped in Detroit to visit my brother Mortie on my way East. My attack of dysentery was very discouraging, and I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't fallen into the hands of Dr. Henry B. Steinbach there. He cured me in a hurry. But more than that he put hope in me. His parting words to me were: 'Now, you go on East and win the championship.'

"The next important circumstance in this chain of events was my meeting with Harry Gibson. You remember him. He was the caddy at Merion who dreamed two weeks before the championship that I would win it.

"The newspapers carried an account of the dream after I won. You recall that Harry—who, by the way, came from Santa Barbara—also had another interesting experience. He found a valuable stick-pin belonging to a member of the Club and turned it over to the manager. The manager, as a reward for his honesty, told him he could pick the player he would like to caddie for in the championship. 'I'll take Olin Dutra,' he replied, right off.

"Everybody has read about this, but what they don't know is the way in which Harry built up my psychology throughout the tournament. He implicitly believed in his dream. When I scored a 76 in the first round, he said firmly, 'Don't you worry. Everything will be all right.'

"In the second round I left the 15th green needing three pars for a 71. However, my ball got into a footprint in the quarry near the 16th green and I took seven shots on that hole. That wasn't very encouraging, but again Harry was on hand to boost my spirits.

"Coming off the 15th green he had looked down and seen a watch and 75 cents lying in the grass. Someone pointed to a man who had just left the spot and Harry ran after him. It turned out that the watch and money were his.

"When Harry told me of this incident, I asked, 'Did he reward you, Harry?' He replied, 'No, Mr. Dutra, but for our honesty we will be rewarded.'

"The boy's inclusion of me made me smile inwardly. It made me feel that if I could win, for his sake alone, it would be great. It would be a job, though. My score was 150, eight strokes behind the leaders.

"The next event favorable to my psychology was being paired with Lawson Little, recent winner of the British amateur title, in the third round. Lawson, who by that time had played in his best form at Merion, began at once to boost me.

"I said, 'Lawson, it's mighty nice to play with you.' He replied quickly, 'It's nice to play with you. Furthermore, when it's all over tonight, I may be high amateur, but you won't be high professional.'

"Going to the first tee, another good thing happened. Leo Diegel stopped me. 'Olin,' he said, 'don't forget your finish in the British Open at St. Andrews.'

"He referred to the 1933 championship when, after being 14 strokes behind the leaders, I came up to the last hole with a 20-foot putt to tie for first place. I missed that putt, but Leo's words reminded me that now I still had a chance, even if I was eight strokes behind. I went out and shot a 71. At lunch I found I was only three strokes behind the leaders. My total was 221. Gene Sarazen had 218, Bobby Cruickshank 219 and Wiffy Cox 220.

"Due to my weakness, Little and I played slowly and came in late. We had scarcely sat down to lunch when we heard the call, 'W. Lawson Little and Olin Dutra on the first tee!'

"Lawson sprang up at once. 'Sit where you are,' he said, 'you must have more time. I'll go talk to the officials.'

"In a little time he came back. 'It's all right,' he said.

"Three minutes hadn't passed when we were called again. 'You stay here!' Lawson told me and off he went once more to argue with the U.S.G.A. He got me a little more rest and we finished lunch. 'Are you all set, now?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'All right,' he told me, 'let's go out and win that championship!'

"At the ninth hole I still was three strokes behind. Then I heard someone say, 'Sarazen has just taken a seven on the eleventh hole.'

"'Well, my boy,' I said to myself, 'here's your chance. You must buckle up the old belt.'

UP to that time I had gone 27 holes without sinking a putt. But on the 10th I put my second shot seven feet from the cup and holed the putt for a birdie three. Now, if I could get past the 11th I felt I would be all right.

"This hole at Merion is the greatest drive and pitch hole I've ever seen. Every shot must be carefully calculated. A creek crosses the fairway to catch a drive that is too long, so you must play a brassie or spoon from the tee. You must shoot straight, for trees on both sides will stymie your second shot if you are off line.

"The hole measured 378 yards, so the second shot was not long. But it had to be very accurate. This before-mentioned creek curved around the green at the front, right side and rear. A big trap on the left made it an island green and your pitch had to have plenty of bite.

"The day before Sarazen had pulled his drive to the left and lost a stroke. On the final round, remembering this shot he changed from a brassie to an iron, but he pulled again and put his ball in the creek behind trees. Probably he hadn't played firmly enough. I used my brassie and hit confidently. The shot was perfect. For the second, I took out my mashie niblick, put plenty of weight on my right foot and pitched 18 feet from the cup. But I didn't breathe until I saw my ball on the carpet.

"Cruickshank and Cox, like Sarazen, slipped. A birdie at the 15th put me in the lead and after that I threw off everything and set myself to my objective. I was confident, now, and my psychology was perfect."

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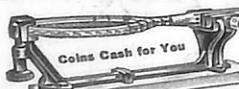
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in good golf. You can build your psychology up if you will use your intelligence and practice at every opportunity. And here are some tips to help you from these three great masters, Dutra, Laffoon and Little.

Ky Laffoon says: Never be careless with a shot; it not only costs strokes, but is fatal to morale.

Little says: Concentrate on your own game and keep your mind on what you want to do, not what you don't want to do.

Dutra says: Don't be afraid to take a penalty. When you get into trouble figure how to get out of it, not how to get distance and direction, too.

Confirming Little on the matter of concentration, Dutra tells me that in winning the P.G.A. championship at St. Paul in 1932 he "didn't even see" his opponents during the whole week. He played against par. The duifer can't play against par, but he can play against his normal score, whether it be 80, 90, 100, or 110. If he can hold it to his handicap he is very likely to bring home some prizes.

One other word. It comes from all expert golfers. Concentrate on the short game.

What do you think Lawson Little considers the greatest shot he ever made? No, it wasn't a 300-yard drive, or a sensational brassie, or a long iron.

"It came in the quarter-finals of the 1933 U. S. Amateur championship," says Lawson. "I was playing against Ross Somerville, the defending champion.

"At the 15th hole, Somerville was on in two. I hooked my drive into water, behind trees, and had to pick out with a penalty. My recovery shot was dead on the line, but went 30 feet past the pin and left me a downhill putt.

"Somerville putted first, missed by three feet, but stymied me.

"I couldn't get around his ball with a putter. After careful study, I took my niblick, played with 'cut' and bent my ball around his. I holed out and halved the hole."

Little beat Somerville and entered the semi-finals. However, he lost there to George Dunlap.

It certainly pays to practice short shots. It is another fine way to reduce the heart-breaks in golf.

Luxuries Ahead

(Continued from page 22)

space that under present small-town conditions goes to make up a thousand front and back yards can be landscaped and developed until it becomes an outdoor paradise, with community gardens, playgrounds, groves, swimming pools, tennis courts, and all the rest. Less gregarious families, that prefer to have their own homes separated from all others, will go farther and farther into the open country as transportation becomes steadily quicker and easier, where they can have all the room and all the natural beauty they want. In connection with these buildings of 1950 or 1960, new materials of which furniture can be built for greater comfort, the increased development and use of all sorts of electrical conveniences and appliances, more light, better regulated temperature and air-conditioning, can all be taken for granted.

Turning next to clothing: the changes immediately ahead will probably be even more spectacular than in the matter of housing.

For hundreds of years the clothing of the human race consisted merely of the skins of animals. The hide of one creature was peeled off to protect the hide of another. Then grasses and various vegetable fibres were woven together to form a lighter and



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less burdensome protection. Weaving and spinning followed, with silk, wool and finally cotton coming along one after another. But now we are ready to make a step forward infinitely greater than anything that has preceded it. Already we have men's socks and ladies' stockings, all kinds of underclothes and many dresses made out of artificial silk, first of a thousand new clothing materials that are already being experimented with. When you realize that celluloid, plastics, rayon and safety glass can all be obtained from wood pulp, you can begin to see the possibilities ahead. Add various forms of gum and rubber, paper and textiles made from cornstalks, and the vista widens still farther. Within the last few years we have already seen a tremendous development in various uses of paper: paper towels, paper tablecloths, really luxurious paper napkins and the like. That clothes will presently be made from new combinations of these materials is a foregone conclusion.

For added comfort, heating devices in cold-weather clothing are also assured. Even today fliers are using the forerunners of such clothing, with electrically heated suits, mittens and helmets.

Changes in food, the third great division of our economic needs, will probably be less spectacular, although in some ways even more far-reaching. At the Basic Research Laboratories of the University of Cincinnati, they are already able to treat milk with light rays in such a way as to develop 90% of its full vitamin content. They can destroy enzymes in fruit juices, such as orange juice, so they can be kept for many months where formerly they would spoil overnight. It is already possible to make tablets like yeast cakes having all the necessary vitamins and minerals that are required for health and strength.

FREEZING and refrigeration processes are already changing rapidly. Up on the Labrador coast a man noticed that fish, pulled through a hole in the ice on an intensely cold morning, flapped about as lustily as ever when they were thawed out, after being frozen stiff for hours. That led to the new quick-freezing processes with intense cold that leave the body-cells still intact instead of allowing them to burst, as they did in the old slow-freezing processes.

Where these food changes will lead, no one can yet say. The introduction of canned foods on a large scale has had a great deal to do with the tremendous social changes that recent years have seen in city and family life. All we can be sure of is that the possibilities of change in the future are even greater than those of the past.

Books, magazines, newspapers, advertisements, all kinds of printed matter as well as words that are written or spoken, of course come under communication. To get an idea of—or to realize how impossible it is to foresee—the tremendous changes that lie ahead of us in communication, all we have to do is look back and notice a few of the miracles of the past.

Printing itself is old. It changed the nature of the whole civilized world, by making the thoughts and learning of men in one period or locality readily available to others. But the rotary printing press did not come along until 1846, the web press in 1865, the linotype machine in 1885 and the typewriter in 1871—the presses and machines that have made our 30,000,000 copies of daily newspapers, our hundreds of thousands of books and millions of trade and general magazines of today possible. The typewriter was invented in 1867, but did not begin to come into general use until nearly 30 years afterwards.

Then there was the telegraph in 1832, and the telephone in 1876. Compare the 17,000,000 telephones in the United States today, 40,000,000 miles of telephone lines and



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600,000 employees of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company alone, with the Czar's 1,200-mile semaphore line from the Prussian frontier to the Russian Capital in the year 1800, that could wig-wag messages right through (on a clear day) with the assistance of some 1,300 wig-waggers!

Still, that's only the beginning. Transparent photographic film was invented in 1888, and the motion picture machine in 1893. Wireless telegraphy came along in 1896 and 1897, the radio telephone in 1902, radio vacuum tubes in 1907, A.C. tubes in 1922 and the years following, and television in 1926.

Where do we go from here? You can see how the inventions and changes have crowded along faster and faster, with bigger and bigger results. Only 30 years from the invention of the motion picture machine to 15,000 movie theatres in the United States. Even less than that from the first radio vacuum tubes to Amos 'n' Andy and Father Coughlin. Even the inter-office speaking system that John Garrison can use is already in operation on a tramp steamer today; all the captain, in the chartroom behind the bridge forward, has to do is ask a question in an ordinary speaking voice, and the radio operator in his room on the boat-deck amidships can answer, as if they were talking face to face, instead of from isolated rooms 150 feet apart, with a howling gale between.

For nearly ten years television has lain practically dormant; it is not yet really perfected. But no one can doubt that greater miracles than the mere duplicating of a London daily paper in New York within the fraction of a second lie just around the corner. Owen D. Young has already prophesied this particular thing, as a matter of fact, as one of the developments that can be expected almost momentarily. And where we will go in the matter of entertainment, public addresses and public leadership, easy and intimate communication from continent to continent and all the rest, it is literally impossible even to imagine.

So let's turn to transportation. Travel at high speed through the skies, as well as on the surface of the earth, is already one of the most dramatic chapters of modern invention.

ON March 15, 1935, two exceedingly far-reaching events in the field of aviation were recorded. In the evening of that day Wiley Post slid to a stop at Cleveland, Ohio, after a substratosphere flight from Burbank, California, at a 276-miles-per-hour clip in a 150-miles-per-hour plane. And in London, at a meeting of the Royal Aeronautical Society, Juan de la Cierva, inventor of the autogiro, announced the completion of successful experiments in taking off vertically, without any forward run before ascending into the air.

For the immediate future, Wiley Post's flight promises the more spectacular results. It means that all our estimates of tremendous speed across the continent through the sky will have to be stepped up by at least two hundred miles more than anyone has yet dared guess. Instead of estimating future travel from New York to Los Angeles at 300 miles an hour—say nine hours from the Atlantic to the Pacific—we'll have to jump it to a minimum of 500 miles an hour.

Think what that means! New York to San Francisco or Los Angeles between lunch and dinner-time. Hardly more than an hour and a half from New York to Chicago—only a third of the time it takes to go from New York to Boston or Washington by train today! Only about three hours from New York or Chicago to Miami or Key West.

It works out like this: Speed increases the resistance of a fluid medium, like water or

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air, through which the speeding object is passing. Air resistance is so great that a man falling from an airplane with an unopened parachute never attains a speed of more than about 115 miles an hour on his way to the ground, even though he falls a mile or more. At a speed of 150 miles or so, water offers the resistance of semi-solid matter, such as butter, or cheese or even soft wood. The same thing is true of the air at sea level, at speeds of, say, 600 miles an hour or upwards. Only projectiles, like shells or bullets, or possibly some rocket-planes of the future, can ever expect to attain a sea-level speed much above 500 miles an hour.

But six or seven miles above sea level, at 30,000 or 35,000 or more feet, the air is much thinner, and consequently the resistance is much less. Wiley Post, in his 150-mile-an-hour airplane Winnie Mae, reached a speed on his March 15th flight that he estimated to be at times between 350 and 400 miles an hour. The average of 276 miles an hour, for the entire distance from Burbank to Cleveland, was made in spite of the fact that Post had traveled well toward a hundred miles beyond the Ohio city before his oxygen supply gave out and he had to turn back. And after that his motor failed, and he finally had to make a dead-stick landing. Compare his speed with the international record for land planes, made by Raymond Delmotte in France on December 25, 1934: 312 miles an hour. Or even with the Italian seaplane record held by Lieut. Francesco Agello, made in October, 1934: 440.67 miles per hour. Both these records were made by the fastest planes of their type yet devised over a single measured mile.

For years L. K. Weber, Managing Editor of *Popular Mechanics Magazine*, has been prophesying that long-distance travel through the air will all be at higher levels than 20,000 or 25,000 feet, far above storms, fog or other atmospheric disturbances. Post's experiments bring this seemingly unlikely dream into the realm of definite probabilities. Before 1945 we may expect to see huge air liners making stratosphere flights at five, or six, or seven, or possibly even more, miles *per minute*.

EIGHT or nine seconds to a mile!

Vertical flight probably lies a little farther ahead. We will likely pass through a whole era of speeding planes of more or less the present type before we get to a general acceptance of straight-up-and-down flight for shorter distances. The fact that de la Cierva can hop an autogiro directly into the air from a standing start is merely one more step in the journey toward complete mastery of the sky.

Cierva, as a matter of fact, is not credited with the invention of vertical flight. The first successful helicopter was made by an Englishman, Brennan, in 1916. Since then numerous partially successful helicopters have been built, of varying types, all at least able to lift themselves vertically from the ground. One model even won a French prize for completing a circular flight over a prescribed course one kilometer in length. Thomas Edison long ago prophesied

vertical flight as the inevitable outcome of even our present knowledge of aerodynamics. Its greater practicability, he said, was certain to bring it into existence for every-day purposes. Only a little while after it is here to stay, inexpensive but practical little hoppers will become as numerous as Fords.

ON the surface of the earth we can expect traffic changes almost as amazing. In congested centers we already have today, when you stop to think of it, successive layers of traffic one above another. At 42nd Street and Park Avenue, in New York City, for example, there are two subway lines, one above the other, two levels of underground railroad tracks at Grand Central Station, one above the other; and above all that two layers of street levels, one on the surface for ordinary traffic and pedestrians (one level above the upper railroad track level) and above that a viaduct for automobiles.

In the future a tremendous extension of this idea of different levels of traffic is certain. Harvey Wiley Corbett, the architect who designed the 1,249-foot Empire State

tower, a waste product of the pulp paper mills. During the War, Spain prohibited the use of gasoline for automobiles; alcohol from farm products was used instead. The Central Powers, of course, were compelled to find war-time substitutes for gasoline. In Pernambuco, railways supplying sugar-cane factories are today run by alcohol made from their own molasses, mixed with about five per cent. of gasoline.

But even alcohol will be only a temporary substitute for gasoline. More powerful stuff than either will be needed. It may be in the form of more high explosive substances; it may consist of more highly concentrated electric power than anything we know at present. It is still more likely, however, that it will be in forms we can as yet only half imagine, through the use of the energy to be found in light, to the force that may be released through the tearing apart or destruction of atoms, and the like.

That all these changes and luxuries ahead will bring cycle after cycle of industrial expansion and recurring prosperity seems as certain as the fact that day follows night in steady succession. The ten-year boom that preceded the present depression was in great measure brought about by the expansion of the automobile industry. In the peak year of 1929, 5,621,715 automobiles and trucks worth three and a half billion dollars, were produced in the United States.

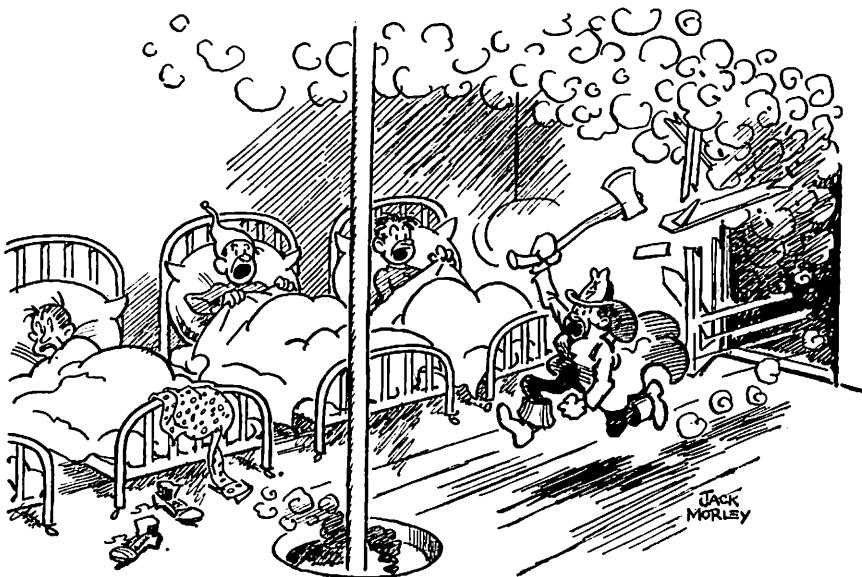
There are today more than 100,000 filling stations and garages, and we have more than a quarter of a million miles of surfaced highways. Even during the depression the automobile industry, with its ramifications, was still good for more than 2,500,000 jobs.

During the years immediately ahead, air conditioning, the development of aviation, and new products like rayon, can do even more than automobile and highway development did between 1920 and 1930.

Besides these there are hundreds of new products for various uses, that are already being developed from what has hitherto been thrown away as waste. In 1857, Mississippi waterways were clogged with waste cottonseed dumped into the rivers to float away. Today explosives, soap, linoleum, artificial rubber and artificial leather, blotting paper and a hundred other things are being manufactured from that one waste product alone. It is already prophesied that within another ten years the United States cottonseed crop will be worth more than a billion dollars.

IN an earlier paragraph the Basic Science Laboratories of the University of Cincinnati were referred to. Last year the director of those laboratories happened to want some carotin from which Vitamin A can be created. Carotin is worth about five dollars a gram; it can be secured from carrots. A bushel of carrots was bought for forty-nine cents. From it, with apparatus worth only a comparatively few dollars, nearly twenty-five dollars' worth of carotin was secured.

We have only scratched the surface, when it comes to the things that can be done with the raw materials already about us.



"Wake up! The station's on fire!"

Building in New York, prophesies sidewalks raised at least one story above the street level as a development of the near future, and bridges or roads connecting skyscrapers far above the street level as an eventual necessity. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad has already considered the possibility of constructing a speed highway for automobiles above its right-of-way from New York to Hartford, Connecticut, and other New England points. A similar possibility has already been looked into by the Grand Trunk Railroad, for the vicinity of Detroit. Chicago already has its separate freight-and-passenger-level streets constructed between important points. Eventually, in all probability, tremendous quantities of freight will travel along great express highways running hundreds or thousands of miles across country, while passenger traffic, capable of traveling at an equally great speed of one to two hundred miles an hour (remember that Sir Malcolm Campbell has already approximated 300 miles an hour on the sands of Daytona Beach) will have its own lanes or separate highways.

Fuel for all these varying machines of the future will unquestionably be very different from the already dwindling gasoline supply that we know today. In 1918 nearly all the autos in Norway and Sweden were driven on alcohol made from sulphite liquor.



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The War for American Independence was over; George Washington had retired from the Presidency to his land.

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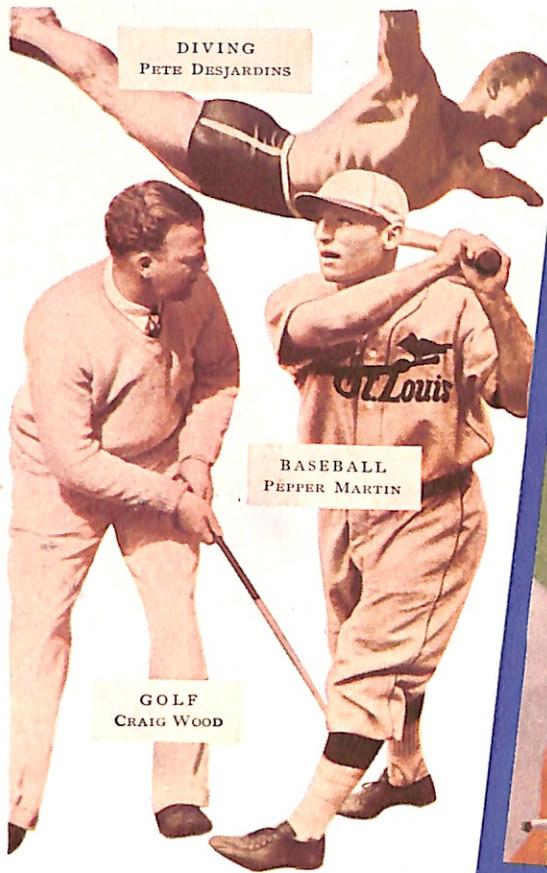
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A Good Guide

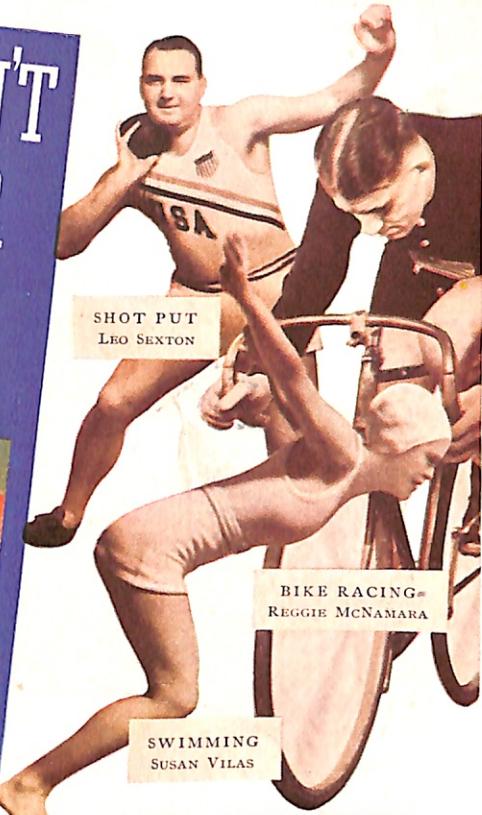


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